

JOHN BULL



TWO PENCE

History is made at night

HE WAS THE LIFE AND SOUL OF THE PARTY THE NIGHT BEFORE



**YOU COULDN'T BE DULL
WITH GEORGE AROUND —**
his gaiety was infectious. It was
nightly Bourn-vita that gave him
such popularity and charm.
Bourn-vita will do the same for
YOU.

IT WAS HELD

'He's a real live wire,' said everyone. But
it was the 'deep sleep secret' that gave
him such popularity and charm.

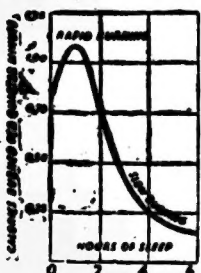
The party was hanging fire, and the hostess was
worried. But when George arrived things started to
move and soon the party went with a swing. For he
was the guest that hostesses pray for — with his
infectious gaiety and high spirits. 'He's a grand man,'
said everyone, but George knew that his popularity
had been won *the night before*.

The Deep Sleep Secret

For the qualities that bring success — vitality, self-
confidence, good humour — all depend on sleep. Not
long sleep, but *scientifically sound* sleep is what matters.
That's the sleep Bourn-vita gives you — soothing
nerves, mind and body, building up resistance to ills
and chills, and bringing new life for to-morrow.



DON'T GO TO BED ON AN EMPTY STOMACH



Graph showing course
of energy consumption
during sleep.

The body actually
needs more energy
during the first
hour of sleep than
in ordinary waking
hours, although it
quickly relaxes.
When your stom-
ach is empty, less
energy is available,
and sound sleep is
therefore slow in
coming. Experi-
ments have shown
that Bourn-vita is
a ready source of
the quick energy
your body needs, while actually soothing
digestion and bringing deep refreshing
sleep the whole night through.



THE NIGHT IS MORE
IMPORTANT THAN THE DAY.
And when Bourn-vita looks after
the night, the day will look after
itself.

MADE BY
CADBURY'S

9^D
PER ½ LB.

1/5
PER ½ LB.



SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO DO TO-MORROW? Dinner
with the boss? A job to get? A rise to ask for? A Bourn-vita
'night-cup' will help to win that battle for you.

BOURN-VITA *to night makes to morrow just right*

CARPET BARGAINS

9/11

This phenomenal offer is made to you by John Bull. On receipt of P.O. 5/-, cash or 1/- by cheque, we will forward direct from our home one of our 'Presidential' Brussels or 'Royal' Brussels CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedrooms, etc., hand-made by hand, in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of colour.

These, Brown, Blue, Red and Art Colours are to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a specialty of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving the purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine Brussels. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders. With every Carpet we also give away a handsome Bag to match.

SPECIAL OFFER: 3 Carpets, 3 Rugs and 3 Accurates for 20/-, Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D. 5/-, RODGERS & SONS 111, Woodway, Leeds.

GENUINE LONDON BUSMEN'S TROUSERS 5/1

Another of our remarkable bargains! Genuine London Busmen's Trousers, only very slightly worn. Navy Blue Serge, thoroughly cleaned and pressed and in excellent condition. Reduced to 5/1, very strong yarn. All fitted with new waist bands. Ideal for all men requiring a Garment for real hard wear and service. All sizes, 28 to 48 in. waist, usual leg lengths. **TRADE MARKED ACTUALLY 6/6** 11/8 under and being in first-class condition and only slightly worn, are only very rarely available. D.B. Jacket to match, 5/1, or complete suit 10/6, post 6d. Order to-day with every confidence. Cash back if in any way dissatisfied.

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DELIVER FREE ENGLAND AND WALES, RAIL OR LORRY

OTHER MODELS FROM	12 1/2	13 1/2	14 1/2
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Dept. 4, Rye Road, Felling, S.W.A. Tel. 1121

for this dainty Zip-fast purse

MADE OF REAL MOROCCO LEATHER with Double Pocket. PATENT GILT ZIP FASTENERS secure safe. Finished Black or Brown. Exclusive Tartan Leather 5/1.

This is a Purse every Lady should carry—only 5/1. It is the lowest price of 1/8 (Post Free) because we manufacture ourselves—no retail profits. Cost double elsewhere. Money refunded if dissatisfied.

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Having purchased an entire factory stock of musical instruments, we are able to make this truly amazing offer of complete drum sets, comprising large bass drum, brass bound, with real skin and seven adjusters, strong, automatic flyback foot-beater, real skin side-drum, hard-wood tap-box, brass cymbal, triangle and cowbell, also pair well-balanced drumsticks. The whole outfit comes to you complete in strong box at the incredible clearance price of 5/9 only, postage 1/1. No party or amateur band is complete without this wonderful outfit, so send P.O. at once to

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21. Sale DOWN

WARDEN SHEET—Recommendation. Discount. 100% or Terms. Discounted. Really erected. Delivered Free or Carr. Pd. Eng. and Wales. See FREE Book No. 22.

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4 ft. 6 in.	5 ft.	6 ft.	7 ft.	8 ft.
48/-	58/-	68/-	78/-	88/-
3/6	4/6	5/6	6/6	7/6

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6ft. long when extended, 3ft. wide. Solid oak, 3 velvet cord cushions any colour; turned legs, spring seat. Call and inspect or send for new coloured Cat. J. Cash or 1/- weekly. Carr. & Pack, E. & W., 2/6.

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Donati, Schubert, Visconti, Pavesi, Bohner, Crociani, Pavesi, Soprani, etc., used and recommended by Band Leaders all over the country. Here we offer a very wonderful bargain. 50/40 MODEL FOR 40/-. Real Piano Accordion at specially reduced price. By STELDER. Piano finished cabinet, tonal reeds, metal-bound bellows, triple chord action. Complete with shoulder strap, 21 piano keys, 1 bass. Cash price 40/-, or sent on receipt of 2 - First Instalment, Balance payable 4/- monthly, until 40/- paid. Elaborate Tutor supplied. Also Superior De Luxe Model at 50/-, same terms. Write for fully illustrated list of models with 25 keys, 12 keys, 18 keys, 24 keys, 34 keys, 44 keys, 41 keys, 120 keys, etc., on equally attractive terms. The Remarkable Low Terms for Hire. Payments ensure immediate popularity of these fine instruments. Write for fully illustrated list of Piano Accordions and other Musical Instruments, post free.

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(Dept. J.B. 48)
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YOURS 2

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2 Heavy White Blankets, with Blue borders and whipped edges. Size 66 in. x 90 in.; 2 Heavy Winter Blankets, special double-weight; 2 Unbleached Tull Sheets, 70 in. x 90 in.; 2 Hemmed Pillow Cases; 1 Full-Size Rubber Case; 2 Turkish Towels; 1 Patterned Washed Quilt in selected floral design; 1 Embroidered Lane Bedspread; 1 Embroidered Art. Silk Table Centre. Also Handmade Tea Cloth; 4 Serviettes to match. **FREE GASTERS** (24 pieces) Quilts and Pile to every Purchaser. Complete haul sent on for your Free Approval upon receipt of 2/- deposit. If satisfactory Balance payable 8/- fortnightly until 50/- is paid—or Full Cash after 7 days 55/- only. Write for Illustrated Bedding List.—J. A. DAVIS & CO. (Dept. J.B. 50), 94-104, Denmark Hill, London, S.E.5.

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30/- VALUE FOR 9/9
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SOLID GOLD English Hall Marked Keyless WRIST WATCH with Expanding Bracelet Attached. Tested Movement. Timed to a minute a month. Fully warranted 10 years. Send 1/- Deposit only for free approval.

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Its compact streamline design enables it to sweep under low furniture and to thoroughly sweep Linoleum, Wood and Tiled Surfaces as well as Carpets, Mats, etc. Attractive ivory finish. Pitted rubber buffer and automatic self-cleaning stiff Bristle brush. A special surplus can be used to clean thoroughly reliable Pull also (11 in. x 9 in.) 15/-.

See details next square.

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FOR ONLY 5/9

GENUINE SURPLUS AIRMAN'S GAUNTLETS 2'3 POST 6d

Warm, fleece-lined. Solid leather glove with genuine waterproof gauntlet. Very smart design. Perfect fitting. Warm, supple and certainly smart. 500 pairs only, all sizes. To clear 2/3, postage, etc., 6d. Absolutely unrepeatable after present stocks are exhausted. Send to-day. Your money willingly refunded if not completely satisfied.

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NOTE THE SPACIOUS AMPLIFYING SOUND CHAMBER 6 TONAL OUTLET!

Urgent! PIANO-ACCORDION effects produced with this **3000-DIAX - RARP HARMONICA**—twice the tonal quality and volume of ordinary mouth-organs. Its harmonious chords and rich powerful tone like a mighty organ, give endless pleasure. Musicians may play—Highly polished appearance. Look at it with interest. Sound beautiful harmonious mother-of-pearl with gilt fittings.

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Continued from pages 2 and 3

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JOHN BULL'S

Great Xmas Gift to You



ONCE again "John Bull" proudly announces its great Christmas Gift Offer to its readers—an event to which tens of thousands of readers look forward every year. Here are two FREE Gift Vouchers—one value 2/9—the other value 7/6—which "John Bull" will accept as cash in part payment for these magnificent all-British Writing Sets. One or both, take your choice—A gift for yourself—A gift for a friend at Christmas—It's a marvellous opportunity. Post Coupon and Vouchers to-day to avoid disappointment.

John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/9 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 31st December, 1938.
No. A 37681

ONE or BOTH - take your choice

FREE 2/9 GIFT VOUCHER
The Gift Voucher below will be accepted as 2/9 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 5/6 Writing Set. The raven-black Pen, handsomely chased, with its graceful streamline effect, delights the eye. It has the latest lever self-filling device. The 14-carat solid gold nib is tipped with iridium. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil, fitted with a propol-repel-expel movement, matches the Pen, and is complete with "Safety" pocket-clip and extra leads. The Presentation Case gives the finishing touch.

John Bull Xmas Gift Voucher
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 7/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Valid until 31st December, 1938.
No. B 37681

FREE 7/6 GIFT VOUCHER
The Gift Voucher below will be accepted as 7/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 12/6 Writing Set De Luxe. The Pen has three inlaid bands of 18-carat ROLLED GOLD; a large nib of 14-carat SOLID GOLD with a tip of costly iridium; the latest lever self-filling device and a "Safety" pocket-clip. The "Ever-pointed" Pencil has two inlaid bands of 18-carat ROLLED GOLD, foolproof propol-repel-expel movement. "Safety" pocket-clip, eraser and extra leads. The Pen and Pencil are exquisitely chased. The Presentation Case is beautifully coloured with a Pearl and Buttery effect.

British Made!

"John Bull's" Christmas Gift Coupon

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 134-135, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/9, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/6 Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/9 plus 2d. for postage and insurance, making 3/- in all.

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PARK DRIVE

15 for 6!

10 FOR 4^D PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD) 5 FOR 2^D

JOHN BULL



STRAIGHT FROM
THE SHOULDER

Let's Get These Jobs Done Now!

PARLIAMENT in full swing again. The consolidation of Peace its greatest problem. Hundreds of lesser but still important questions demand its attention.

Some, we are glad to see, are at last to be heard and answered. Reforms for which JOHN BULL has argued, pleaded, and fought—in season and out.

The Share Sharks

One new Bill, sponsored by the Government and welcomed by the Opposition, aims at preventing scores of thousands of people from being swindled of their hard-earned savings.

For long years it was left to JOHN BULL alone to fight the sharepushers who invaded Britain like swarms of locusts.

Many people ignored our warnings, succumbed to the blandishments of plausible salesmen, believed in the so-called "financial journals" that existed only to praise rubbishy shares.

To-day, those people are ruined and in misery.

Vanished Millions

Many others, we are glad to know, listened to us and shut the door in the sharepusher's face.

We will not venture to estimate how many millions of pounds have been saved to the public by our unceasing campaign.

We are more concerned with the millions that have been lost, the millions more that will enrich rogues unless the law is drastically altered.

Loopholes

Now the Government promises that amendment of the law. But will it succeed?

There is much in its anti-sharepushing Bill to praise. The system of licences for share dealers, a maximum sentence of seven years' penal servitude for offenders, and so on.

Also, unfortunately, some glaring defects that are already provoking satisfied chuckles from the sharepushing kings.

Catspaws

Particularly, there is this vitally weak spot: No safeguard against nominees!

Nothing to prevent a sharepusher from carrying on operations through the agency of some seemingly respectable tool who has been granted a licence!

Nothing to prevent him from covering up his tracks through a whole line of nominees!

Close This Door

That loophole must be closed. A difficult problem, we know. But it shouldn't be beyond the legal brains in Parliament.

There are other dangers which must be averted before the Bill is passed into law. But, on the whole, it deserves all Britain's welcome.

On the List

What else? Public-spirited M.P.s have been lucky in the draw for the right to introduce Private Members' Bills.

And they are going to introduce

measures that should end other evils familiar to readers of JOHN BULL.

They demand better workmen's compensation, miners' compensation, a ban on bogus charities, improved water supplies, shorter hours for shop assistants, an end of baby-farming, a fairer law of libel.

Keep on Trying

Not all these excellent efforts will succeed. Parliament's time is too short; the work of consolidating international accord too pressing.

But we urge the Government to grant them the utmost possible facilities.

And we warn Ministers not to believe that domestic problems can be kept in the background.

JOHN BULL appealed to Mr. Chamberlain last week to give the nation real leadership. We saw scant signs of it in the King's Speech.

Wanted—A Leader

This declaration, written mostly by the Cabinet, is delivered by His Majesty himself in circumstances of great solemnity and wide publicity.

It thus provides a magnificent occasion for the Government to arouse and inspire the nation. This year, coming so soon after the crisis, the opportunity was still greater. Mr. Chamberlain missed it.

Forgotten Problems

Our people are being called upon to make great sacrifices for defence, in the belief that, by so doing, they will strengthen the Government's work for peace.

But effective defence calls for confidence and enthusiasm. It requires also

a contented and healthy population, with work enough and food enough for all.

The King's Speech mentioned neither unemployment nor malnutrition, the biggest social problems of the day.

Pax in Palestine

New efforts at peace in Palestine.

JOHN BULL is glad that "partition" is dead. To have divided the country into three States—Jewish, Arab and a British mandate—would have presented impossible financial, strategic and political problems.

Get Busy Now!

But there must be no delay in bringing Arabs and Jews together at that round-table conference. There has been too much delay already.

Latest events in Palestine show how urgent is the need. To wait until the end of the year before assembling the conference will be inviting a continuance of disorder.

Why not get the protagonists to sign an armistice, so that negotiations can proceed in a hopeful atmosphere? And why not get it signed now?

Wicked Folly

No cuts in social services. The Prime Minister told Parliament so last week. JOHN BULL will keep him to his word.

Urgent and growing defence calls bar big new social expenditure. None can quarrel with that. And none can quarrel at that kind of economy which merely stops up waste. But to economise by cutting down services would be criminal folly.

It would strike at national unity and impair national efficiency at a time when both should be at their highest pitch.

AI or C3?

Remember, too, that much can be done to improve the nation's health and welfare without great cost to the State.

Let's have training camps for youths, where both body and mind would be trained!



The Price of His Pain

FIRST Private Member's Bill in this Parliamentary session will deal with workmen's compensation.

JOHN BULL hopes the opportunity will be taken to expose the methods by which insurance companies try to persuade disabled workers to compound their claims—and to strengthen the power of the courts to stop the scandal.

Fourteen years ago, James Adair, of Annbank, Ayrshire, then nineteen years old, received a terrible spinal injury in the pit.

He has been years in hospital and is encased in a plaster cast. But he has been allowed only 24s. 5d. a week.

Now an attempt has been made to force him to accept a lump sum of £325 in final settlement, with the alleged statement that refusal would bring worse terms.

Invested at 4 per cent., this sum would provide 5s. a week for the completely broken man to live on for the rest of his life.

Holidays with pay are a case in point. Even family allowances, if provided by a contributory scheme, would fall chiefly on employers and employed rather than on the Exchequer. So don't let the needs of defence stifle all calls for social betterment.

"Starving" Students

Food for thought. A move to provide canteen facilities at L.C.C. evening institutes. Main object: to encourage early and regular attendance.

Students might be less tempted to go home for a meal first—and then arrive late or not at all.

JOHN BULL approves. Much glamour about men who studied while starving before reaching fame.

But hungry people are not the best workers. Nothing will hold back genius. Ordinary young people will study best on satisfied stomachs.

Train 'Em Young

Training camps for youths were proposed last week by Lord Dawson of Penn. Six months' compulsory training in citizenship, he suggested, for all young people between seventeen and nineteen.

Much in what Lord Dawson says, and a JOHN BULL reader has a bold idea for carrying such a scheme several strides forward. He tells you about it in "Voice of the People" (page 8), and asks for opinions.

Young people certainly do need training in citizenship. They do need the right kinds of food and recreation. They do need opportunities for healthy communal life.

Mass Minds

But beware of breeding a mass mind. Beware, too, of casting education in a militaristic mould. Further education should develop naturally—by evening classes, and later by extending the school age—from the time at which schooling at present ceases.

Military training and education should be kept distinct.

Voice of the People

I have just read that WAR—

- (1) Is a necessary evil;
- (2) Like a thunder shower, clears the air;
- (3) Fosters courage and magnanimity;
- (4) Sweeps away long-rooted abuses and injustices;
- (5) Is a necessary outlet for a nation's high spirits; and
- (6) Represents the only final decision for a combative animal—man.

It appeared in a school text-book issued for juvenile education in the year 1900!—Evan Moses, 65, Giffach Road, Tonyrefail, Glamorgan.

Unfortunately, many people who were taught that trash still believe in it.

Schoolgirl's Dilemma

A schoolgirl of fifteen, I shall enter for my school certificate examination shortly.

If I pass, I shall be one of about ninety or a hundred from my school to do so. Three other schools in the town will bring the figure of "successes" up to about three hundred.

Now, the majority of us will leave school at the end of the term in which the examination is held. With similar education and, as represented by our certificates, the same qualifications, we shall all be seeking jobs together.

It doesn't give us a chance.—Dora Howarth, 10, Edgmont Avenue, Bolton, Lancs

And, as we have shown so often, most authorities won't allow a child to leave a day before time. Thousands start under a handicap because of official obstinacy regarding a week or so.

Tax on Presents

My son, serving with the Army in Palestine, has had to pay 3s. 6d. duty on a parcel of 100 cigarettes—the prepaid postage on which was 1s. 3d.

He wrote to us to say it was probably because duty hadn't been prepaid.

So we followed his advice next time, paid 2s. 9d. postage, 4s. duty, and 6d. additional fee, total 7s. 3d., which was more than the contents were worth, on 110 cigarettes, a letter and a birthday card.—Mrs. H. Collier, Ashwater, Beaworthy, Devon.

Incidentally, Mrs. Collier had to fill up four forms to send the second

Text-book Trash

Save the Ticket!

Cruelty to Cats

parcel. The charges and irritations regarding parcels sent not only to Palestine but India and elsewhere are keeping our lads deprived of comforts.

In Case of Loss

Make a habit of keeping a bus or tram ticket for an hour or so before discarding it.

If ever you jump off a vehicle and find you have left some treasured article behind, that ticket will help you to get it back.

By the letters and numbers, the company knows the route, the vehicle and the time of your journey.—Mr. C. Barratt, 8, St. John's Hill, Ellesmere, Shropshire.

London Passenger Transport Board, biggest undertaking of its kind, confirms that it has received considerable help in this direction from tickets.

Dentists Can be Kind!

One of my three remaining teeth having given trouble, I walked into the first dental surgery I saw and had it extracted by the latest painless method.

Tactfully, the dentist's woman assistant asked me whether I was an old-age pensioner, and, on learning that I was, said: "Then there's no charge. We don't ask money from old-age pensioners."—B. Hancock, 20, Leda Avenue, Enfield Highway, Middlesex.

Somebody realises what a struggle life is on 10s. a week.

Register for Strays

Every cat born in this country should have a registration number, even if it is done through taxation.

Last year no fewer than 200,000 stray cats were painlessly destroyed in London alone. City churchyards are favourite spots for these strays. They hide in cracks and fissures of age-old tombs.

Cats are found manged, burnt with

quicklime and petrol. These cruelties are going on daily.

Let us have the one great effort by which this evil can be eradicated.—Godfrey P. Snow, 12, Highfield Drive, Bromley, Kent.

We have confirmed Mr. Snow's dreadful facts and figures. Because these cats are apt to hide away in their misery, few people realise what suffering exists among strays in every big city and town. Trouble is that humane people who would mercifully destroy them can never be sure whether they are not somebody's pets.

Scots Wha Hae!

We Scots know that no "Keep Fit" movement in England will be complete until the working man has the cheap golfing facilities which we have here.

Almost every town and city in Scotland has a municipal course providing cheap golf. Glasgow, in fact, has eight public courses.—William McDonald, 13, Bilsland Drive, Glasgow, N.W.

Professional Golfers' Association tells us that most English courses have special rates for people of small means. But artisan golfers haven't been numerous enough to kick councils into providing municipal links. Also, so much Scottish land falls almost naturally into golf courses.

War of the Pews

This is to inform you that the nicest pews in the Church of Whitby, Yorks, which I visited the other day, are labelled "For Strangers." They are very well upholstered.—A. McGregor, 41, Warren Avenue, Stapleford, Nottingham.

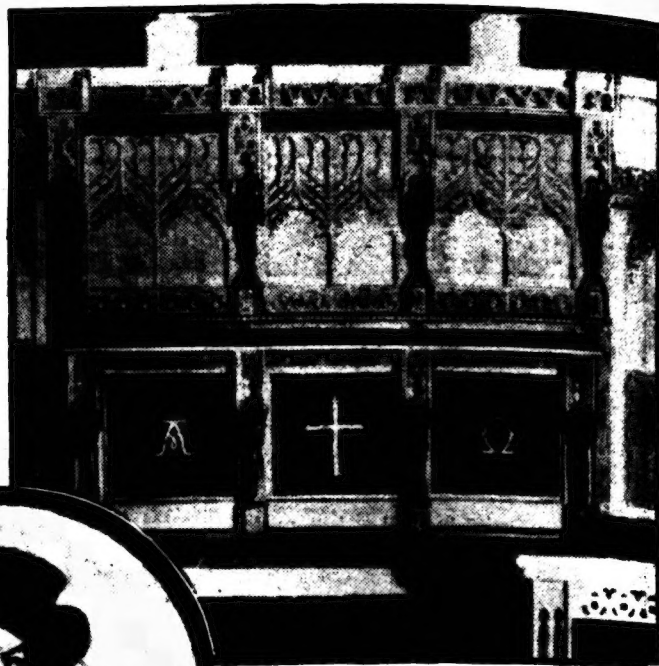
One of many letters inspired by a reader's attack on the reserved pew system. The majority instance flagrant cases of keeping the best seats for the "nobs"—even when they don't turn up.

News Off the Ice

Finding a Canadian paper in the ice-box of a Canadian vessel 18 months ago, my friend replaced it with English papers.

Ever since he has received regular packets in this way, and has sent regular packets back.

The two correspondents have never exchanged letters, and so don't know each other's identities. But he has now



This array of beautiful wood-carving in All Saints' Church, Carnarvon, was a labour of love by Mr. C. J. del Castalla, of Port Talbot, Glamorgan.

It was dedicated recently by the Bishop of Llandaff.

Look at it, and then ask yourself what is wrong with a system under which the master-craftsman responsible can be unemployed, as, unfortunately, he is.—P. B. C., Carnarvon.



This portrait of JOHN BULL was drawn on a tea-plate with used match-sticks. The artist, Mr. M. O. Whaller, of 18, Hilcot Drive, Aspley, Nottingham, is also unemployed.

found in the ice-box a beautiful ornamental cigarette-case inscribed: "A Merry Christmas."—S. McC., Bootle, Liverpool.

Lorry drivers from scores of cities meet in Covent Garden, make friends, and thereafter communicate in many strange ways—chalking on walls, pushing notes behind lavatory cisterns, etc. We have known London "Bobbies" act as intermediaries.

Chilly Charity

My employer refuses to pay people trade union rates.

I hold a job of great responsibility—but my pay is appalling.

Yet that man gives tens of thousands of pounds away to charity every year—far, far more than he exacts from us by cheese-paring. What should we think of him?—S. S. N., Birmingham.

"Keep Your Seats!"

When a passenger rose from his seat in a Manchester bus he was thrown and injured.

Taking a claim to court, he failed because of a by-law which says that no passenger must leave his seat while the vehicle is moving.

Imagine top-deck passengers during a rush-hour clinging to their seats until a bus had stopped at the kerb. What snail's progress it would be.—C. Blatt, Parkville Road, Prestwich.

London Passenger Transport Board tells us there is no such by-law in London. And Ministry of Transport adds that no such by-law anywhere has ever been based on a recommendation from the Ministry. One fancies that if passengers in towns affected refused to rise until a bus was stationary these by-laws would soon disappear.

We want to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done.

So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

And there are other pages where you can help us to help you.

Sir Wyndham Childs		Page 15
A. G. Gardiner		Page 19
Human Documents		Page 32
True Story		Page 34

What Do You Think?

JOHN BULL's recent article, "Britain Needs a Joseph," has given me an idea which I believe would not only save our millions of idle acres, but would also help to solve the problems of national fitness and of evacuation in time of emergency.

My plan is that the Government should take over derelict farms, either by purchase or by renting them, and turn them into "guest houses" where townsfolk could go for cheap week-ends or holidays to restore their jaded health and nerves with the best tonic of all—farm work.

Accommodation would be in comfortable Army-type huts, and the food produced would go a long way towards making the scheme self-supporting.

There would be no question of such voluntary labour interfering with the wage level of regular agricultural labourers, or causing unemployment among them.

Actually it would increase employment on the land, because every guest house would have to engage a certain number of regular workers to

instruct the week-enders and to carry on in their absence.

During the last war it took many months before derelict land could be made productive, and it would take even longer now.

At least my plan would obviate this danger, if it did nothing else.

And, if war comes again, how useful these rural colonies would be for sheltering women and children from crowded towns, and in providing valuable supplies of food.

Well, this is my scheme in barest outline. I know that difficulties can be raised against it, but so far as I can discover there are none which cannot be surmounted.

After all, even though they may wear white collars or dungarees, the men of England are yeomen at heart.

If such a plan as I visualise ever becomes a reality, may I suggest that the ideal title for it would be "The Yeomen of England."—G. A. Wadlow, Anson Road, Cricklewood, N.W.2.

Now tell us what you think of this bold idea. We'll pay for the six best views.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR



STOP THIS HATE CHORUS

Left to right : Sir Stafford Cripps, Mr. Duff Cooper, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Arthur Greenwood

EITHER this international slanging match between British Members of Parliament and Herr Hitler stops, or it is going to do the British and German people a power of harm.

Hard words breed ill-will and resentment in private life. Their effect in international affairs is not different.

In the present state of things, with injuries and grievances deeply felt on both sides, there is a great deal to be said for a display of international good manners.

Why should this country wait for the example to be set by others? Why should not Britain lead in this, just as this paper would like it to lead in every good cause?

There are too many warriors going the round of platforms and trying to slay with words.

They are sincere men. They are men denouncing what they feel with all their beings is an evil thing. They are men who want peace. But the tragedy is that they are not helping to get it.

And so many people are now so worked up that a man who pleads for a little international courtesy is at once attacked for being "afraid of Hitler" or of "kow-towing to Fascism."

That is foolish talk.

Who is afraid of Hitler? Not this paper, or the British people either. And neither we nor the British people will be found kow-towing to anybody.

LET us clear these accusations of fear out of the way.

The plea for international courtesy is not based on fear. It is based on plain common-sense. For if you are trying to come to agreement with a man, it is not sense to abuse him up hill and down dale first, however much you may differ from him.

If you do abuse him, he will abuse you back. And what good has that ever done?

That is the matter-of-fact question we wish these sincere but angry men would ask themselves in both countries. Maybe it is fine to denounce the system of government which prevails in other countries.

But what good does it do? Apply that test to it. The answer is, it does no good. It can do no good. It only does harm.

Herr Hitler, Signor Mussolini, and their followers have sneered and jeered at democracy to their hearts' content. And now some of "our side" are going at it hammer and tongs.

Each jeer and each insult increases ill-will. But everyone says he wants peace.

And everyone knows that there can be no peace without good will. Yet the slanging goes on.

Let us, in all frankness, speak a few plain words to some of our angry men.

MR. GREENWOOD, in the House of Commons you said this: "Mr. Chamberlain has saved Mussolini from the fate that all democrats hope will soon befall him. I am not ashamed to say that I want to see the destruction of dictatorships in Europe."

All right, Mr. Greenwood. Your heart is in the right place, and you are a good democrat with a good record of democratic service.

BUT let us ask you this: Just what would you say, just what would your feelings be, if you were British Prime Minister and if Signor Mussolini declared in a speech:—

"So-and-so has saved Mr. Greenwood from the fate that all Fascists hope will soon befall him. I am not ashamed to say that I want to see the destruction of democracies in Europe."

You would be very indignant, Mr. Greenwood. But is it honestly any more than an answer in your own coin?

SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS, you said recently that you had "the opportunity of reading a series of confidential reports by the 'underground movement' in Germany on its state of military unpreparedness."

Very well, let us turn that round the other way, too.

What would you say if Hitler made a speech and said:—

"I am in touch with an underground organisation aiming at overthrowing democracy in Britain, and they tell me that Britain is not prepared for war."

We think you would resent it very much, Sir Stafford. And we think you would be very right to resent it. But if you would resent Herr Hitler saying such a thing, will you think for a moment of the effect of your remark upon him?

MR. FRED MONTAGUE, you are Labour M.P. for West Islington, an ex-Air Minister, and a lover of peace.

But when you were being told in the House of Commons that, by 1940, this country would have civilian aeroplanes capable of carrying 40 passengers non-stop to Berlin, you rose and asked:—

"Will it also be possible to carry 40 bombs to Berlin?"

Fifteen seconds after you said it, you could have bitten your tongue out. Fifteen seconds after you withdrew every word of it.

But in those fifteen seconds the damage was done.

Need we ask you what you would have said if a Nazi M.P. of comparable standing to yours had publicly asked Marshal Goering, the German Air Minister, if he expected to have 'planes capable of carrying 40 bombs apiece to London?

MR. CHURCHILL and **MR. DUFF COOPER** come next. As their views are similar, we will let one example cover both of them.

Mr. Churchill, you broadcast to America. You said you hoped to see the German people "liberated from the present nightmare."

You said that perhaps the German Army chiefs and other internal forces could "re-establish something like sane and civilised conditions in their own country."

Innocent words, seemingly, and we do not in this country doubt your desire for a European peace in which all nations will benefit.

But suppose Dr. Goebbels broadcasts to America, and suppose you are our Prime Minister.

Dr. Goebbels says he hopes that the British people "will be liberated from the nightmare of having you as Prime Minister," and that perhaps the opposition to you can combine with the British Army chiefs to put you down.

It sounds very different, does it not?

Now is not the folly of all these attacks and counter-attacks made plain? They feed on one another. They serve no purpose, they make the world not safer but more dangerous.

The men we have quoted in this article are right to hold democracy precious. They are right to feel sympathy for the oppressed, right to want to give help to those in need.

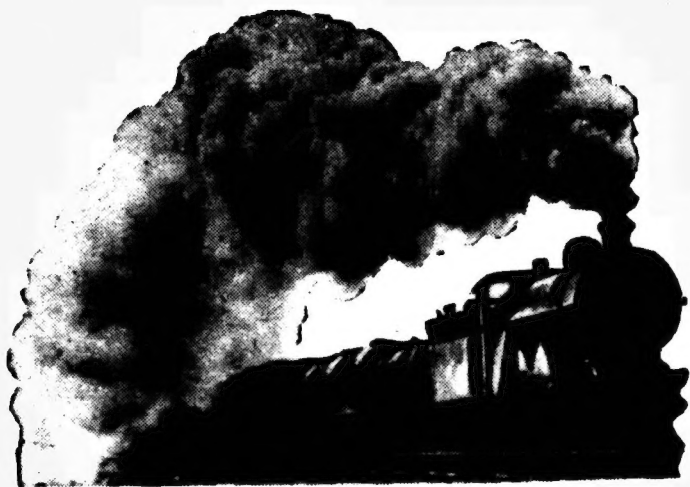
They are right to be determined that the ancient liberties of this country shall be preserved for this and all future generations.

They are right to feel that this country stands for splendid principles in this world, and that nothing must tarnish its faith.

AND in all those matters, vital to every British man and woman, they will have always at their service the whole influence of **JOHN BULL**.

But **JOHN BULL** also wants to see a new era of concord and understanding in Europe. We want to see agreements reached around a table. We want to see the nations laying down their arms. We want to see that great peace effort made.

AND WE SAY AGAIN, IT IS THE MOST ELEMENTARY COMMON-SENSE THAT SUCH A PEACE EFFORT CANNOT SUCCEED AS LONG AS TAUNTS AND JEERS ARE BEING HURLED ACROSS THE FRONTIERS.



The WORST in

FACTS ABOUT THE RAIL CHAOS

B RITAIN'S railways are dying.

In one week recently revenues were down £250,000 as compared with the corresponding week a year ago. Thousands of railway workers have been "stood off." Work schemes by the score have been abandoned.

Holders of nearly £300,000,000 worth of railway shares have received hardly a penny piece in dividends for the past ten years.

And so slowly but surely, a long record of inefficiency and the misuse of monopoly for private gain is drawing towards its end.

Traffic rates have gone up by 5 per cent., but that has not saved the situation. On the contrary, the railways have lost more and more business to the roads.

A ND now, to excuse the calamity which some of the Boards and vested interests have brought upon themselves, the old cry is going up about excessive wages to the workers and the high prices of raw materials.

The Boards want to mulct railway employees' wages so that they can begin paying dividends and maintain them. But already, according to the Railway Clerks' Association, 3s. 6d. out of every £1 of revenue is set aside for dividend payments.

And did you know that there are nearly 100,000 more individual shareholders in railways than there are men employed?

The clamour about high wages, too low rates, and excessive costs of raw materials will not bear examination for a moment.

American railways, which have higher overhead costs, pay their men nearly three times more than the British railway companies, carry freight at half the British rates, yet manage to pay dividends.

As for the great cost of raw materials which is supposed to have killed new work schemes, the Boards can blame their friends in the steel industry who have stopped the entry of cheap steel from America and other sources.

There is only one answer and one explanation for the dire position in which the British railway system finds itself to-day—inefficiency spelt with a capital "I."

F ROM the days of "Puffing Billy," from the days when we paid for the whole land costs of the line between London and Birmingham with a mere £750,000, the whole industry has been taught to look upon

itself as a monopoly, which could please itself about what service it gave to the public.

Well, it has not worked out that way.

The industry has had every sort of protection from the State against all its forms of competition.

It was given compulsory powers to acquire land for new lines, and in the beginning was helped to drive all carrier traffic off the roads.

To-day it still has that help. The railways are derated, while every road haulage firm has to pay rates for garages and road taxes and fight before Commissioners for every bit of new business it gets.

Yet rail is losing to the road all the time.

From nil, and in less than 20 years, road transport is carrying scores of millions of passengers every year, and millions of tons of freight.

There is not a firm in England of any consequence that does not maintain its own fleets of lorries for the carriage of its goods and raw materials.

The road is winning because it is giving a maximum of service to the public and is keeping abreast of every development for safer, speedier and cheaper transport.

The railways have done nothing, made not the slightest improvement in their services until it has been forced upon them.

As far as passenger transport is concerned, they have just introduced streamline locomotives and speeded up schedules. But only on the main line services out of London.

The hundreds of local services, used by the daily worker and season ticket holder whose money is the life-blood of the railways, are as bad as ever they were.

O NE big London suburban service has been speeded up by only one minute in thirty years.

And because all the companies have a "London complex," the provincial business man and worker is far worse treated than his southern brother.

The famous Liverpool-Carlisle "express" does the journey in 3½ hours—under 32 miles per hour. Many travellers can do the journey as speedily by car and in more comfort.

London, Manchester, Liverpool pour their millions of workers daily into the offices and factories of the city from outlying dormitory suburbs.

Most of them begin and end their day's work by standing, packed like sardines, in dirty, ill-ventilated carriages.



Millions of people begin and end their day's work packed like sardines in dirty carriages

On one crowded East Coast line it is the exception to find a lit, warm carriage on winter nights. This in 1938!

Yet the railways wonder why, in spite of the rise in population and distances travelled to work, they are now carrying 500 million fewer passengers per year than in pre-war days.

There is the same story of muddle and inefficiency in regard to freight carriage. The major portion of the recent big drop in rail revenue is due to loss of goods traffic.

For this, railway authorities want to blame bad trade. Don't believe it.

If that were true, losses on such a scale would prove that the country was in the middle of the biggest slump in its history. We all know that this is not the case.

The simple truth is that nearly all the light freight traffic which was once a mainstay of the railways has gone to the roads, which give a better service. And a lot of the heavy stuff is following suit.

All the various schemes which would have saved rail haulage, like electrification, bigger capacity wagons and trucks, better designed goods roads and modern handling, have been knocked on the head by fossilised Boards.

They have been afraid of new ideas and initial expense, and more

intent on putting up a good show before the myriads of shareholders than saving the situation by bold and perhaps drastic measures.

It is a common experience for a buyer in the South to wait three and four days for rail-borne goods from the North.

That is not good enough.

The fate of the British railways is now past saving under the existing system of private enterprise. But, obviously, because the railways are a vital part of the country's communications, they must be preserved and improved. How is it to be done?

There is only one remedy—complete State control, which has been advocated by the Labour Party for the past fifteen years.

I T is very much to the point that to-day, when the railways are entering into their twilight as a great capital industry, a voice has come from the opposite camp making the same demand.

And it is the voice of Mr. William Whitelaw, chairman of the L.N.E.R. He announced at a recent meeting that State control of the railways "is now inevitable."

Yes, State ownership under a properly constituted Transport Board is the only direction through which the railways can be developed as an adequate public service, the only method whereby the present ruinous war between road and rail can be ended, the only hope of achieving uniform freight and passenger rates and all the other improvements which are still required.

General electrification, steel carriages for safety, "jointless" rails, large capacity freight wagons, adequate local and suburban services, and all the passenger amenities which the public are demanding are only possible now under nationalisation.

Other railway directors, faced with the impossibility of ever finding anything for their shareholders, are now coming to the same view as the L.N.E.R.'s chairman, so it may be that the day of State control of the railways is not far off.

B UT, before the rail magnates push this ailing gargantua into the public's arms, we must beware what price we pay for it.

Any compensation to shareholders must be based on present prices and future prospects of shares, not on past glories and the fat dividends which have departed.

We want no repetition of the exorbitant compensations which were paid out in the case of the London Passenger Transport Board, the coal mining industry and similar beginnings of civic and State ownership.

With that proviso, State control must be pressed forward as the only hope of solving the gigantic muddle of the railway system.

And it must come soon, before the whole industry crashes to disaster.

MUDDLES BRITAIN



POWERFUL interests are preparing to make a great onslaught on the nine million users of electricity in this country.

For months they have been occupying every strategic position, and soon householders and business men throughout Britain may be told they will have to pay more for light and power.

Electricity undertakings—of which there are 625, inflicting more than a thousand different charges and methods of charging for electricity—eye threatening to increase their rates, withdraw discounts, alter tariffs and in other ways to extract more and more money from consumers.

Admittedly, the electricity suppliers, like other utility services, are being squeezed by interests even bigger and stronger than themselves. They are having to pay more for coal, iron and steel and timber—in some cases from 60 to 120 per cent. more.

WHY YOU'RE PAYING MORE FOR LIGHT

Driven though they may be, some of the methods they are using to obtain increased revenue are very unfair to the public, which is always the ultimate victim.

For example:

Most homes, shops, offices and factories with electric lighting have an alternative system, with gas, coal or oil, for heating and cooking.

Now, tens of thousands of consumers are being told they must change over wholly to electricity.

If the customer does not submit, he is informed that he can no longer have the benefit of the preferential tariffs applicable to the general consumption of electricity.

This means that he is liable to be charged substantially more if he

continues to use current for lighting only.

So existing apparatus has to be scrapped and new fittings bought, causing heavy loss and outlay.

In some districts a large-scale attempt has been made not only to force the people to use electricity exclusively, but to compel them to buy or hire definite makes, types sizes of apparatus.

The authorities will not even make a pronouncement on this dubious procedure. Every appeal is received in silence by the Ministry of Transport, which, for some obscure reason, still has large control of electricity distribution.

The kernel of the general scandal of supply and prices is that all current is bought wholesale from the National Grid at about a half-penny a unit, but is retailed to ordinary users at anything up to ten times that figure.

In the towns the poorest people particularly are being charged inordinately under the slot-meter system, the worst sufferers again being those who have to depend on private supply companies.

A few days ago poor law authorities in South-East London investigated the case of an elderly widow who asked for relief or admission to the workhouse.

SHE had worked at home as a sempstress, but her eyes began to fail under the strain of sewing for twelve hours a day in the light of a feeble 20-candle-power electric lamp.

She could not afford to buy more light because the meter charge was almost tenpence a unit.

This poor woman's neighbours pay only one-third of what is exacted from her. They happen to be supplied by another company.

A factory owner in Middlesbrough has three premises within 300 yards.

He has to pay three different prices, has three different methods of being charged, three different voltages and two different types of current. Plant cannot be interchanged in the works.

Yet he is not getting the electricity from three companies. It is all obtained from one firm.

Another supply company serving parts of Northumberland, Durham and Yorkshire has a different price basis and rate for each of 350 towns and villages.

Progress towards standardisation of the type of current has been slow.

Even worse is the fact that forty-three different voltages are still in use in the country, so that, when householders move, they often find that their lamps, irons, kettles, radios, sweepers, cookers and fires are useless.

The ordinary consumer innocently

imagines that his purchase of current from a private company is a simple commercial transaction—that he pays a price which will afford the suppliers with a modest return on capital outlay.

Actually, in most cases, he is paying a tribute to an intricate and far-reaching system of interlocked companies forming a pyramid of finance.

One is controlled by another, both by a third and, often, all three by a fourth—each taking a rake off.

Astonishing evidence has recently been given in the House of Lords of the impregnable position of these great holding companies, which do not trade in electricity at all but merely pocket dividends from their satellites—and which are under no statutory control.

OXFORD Corporation, one of the best-managed municipal electricity undertakings, wished to extend its service and give the benefit of its cheap rates to the suburbs and outlying districts supplied by Oxford Electric, a private company.

Another private company, named Wessex, came into competition and bought up Oxford Electric at a lower price than the corporation offered.

But Oxford Electric and Wessex are virtually one and the same.

Both are owned by a £7,000,000 company named Edmundsons, which has an international network. They have the same offices, the same secretary, the same chairman. Officials write letters to themselves from themselves.

Edmundsons were to buy from Edmundsons a property that had belonged to Edmundsons all along.

A precious bit of bookkeeping—for that is what it amounts to—meant that people in Oxfordshire must continue to depend on a private supply system with another label.

And they would be barred, of course, from the big advantages waiting to be conferred on them by an efficient municipality.

To end this grotesque state of affairs, Oxford Corporation presented a Bill seeking powers for the compulsory purchase of Oxford Electric so that its customers might obtain cheaper current.

THE Bill was curtly rejected by the House of Lords—without any reason being given.

There has been no greater anti-social decision in this century, unless it is the Government's failure to fulfil its pledge to end the electricity muddle once and for all time.

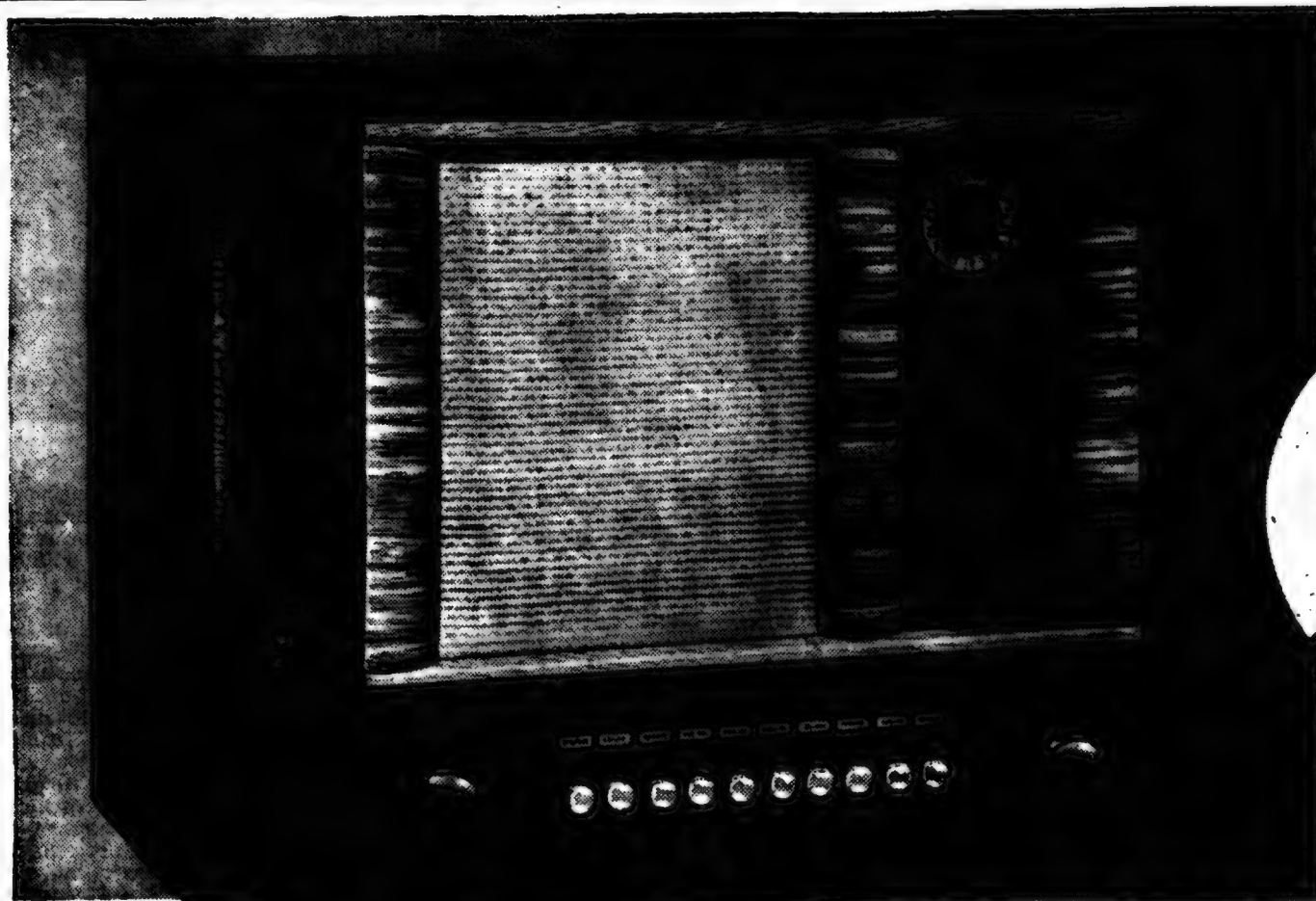
The Cabinet's experts have provided a splendid Bill to protect the public, and during the past year promise after promise was made to provide legislation during the present Parliamentary session.

But the King's Speech made no mention of the Bill. Again the Government has defaulted, shown itself impotent in the stranglehold of vested interests.

There must be a rebellion of Britain's nine million consumers to break this stranglehold.



Light is the livelihood of the sempstress. Always it is the poorest who bear the brunt



CHRISTOPHER
STONE says

You can tune this set blindfold!

IT'S not likely that anybody should want to tune a set in the dark, but Mr. Stone does suggest how simple Bush Button tuning is. You push your button—that's all there is to do—and you get your station. The 7 buttons can be set to the stations you prefer and labelled accordingly. The beauty of it is that they are perfectly tuned, and they never 'drift' out of tune.

The three other buttons transfer you to the normal dial tuning, one button for long-wave, one for medium, one for short. There's no doubt that Bush Button is the simplest and most efficient form of "automatic" tuning.

The Bush model illustrated here has proved a great Public favourite. It is Model P.B.53 and in addition to Bush Button tuning offers many remarkable features. Among these are the 'Teleflic'—which makes child's play of shortwave tuning—and a magnificent 8-watt quality output. Push along to your Bush dealer's and do some "button-Bushing" today.

Bush BUTTON RADIO

POST THIS COUPON (in 1/4d. unsealed envelope)
To Bush Radio Ltd., Dept. J.B. 187, Power Road,
Chirwick, London, W.4.
Please send me full details of the Bush P.B.53. Also name
of nearest Appointed Dealer.

Name _____

Address _____

FROM 9½ GNS.

For prices in Eire apply to Distributors for Eire:—
R. Marks Ltd., 27 Upper Liffey Street, Dublin.

★ What 'Bush-Button' Tuning does:—

- ★ Push a button—and there's your station, instantly and accurately tuned—no time-lag.
- ★ Push another button—and there's another station, previous one being automatically cut out.
- ★ Stations not available on automatic tuning can be hand-tuned immediately simply by pushing the desired waveband button—LONG, MEDIUM or SHORT.
- ★ No switch for changing of waveband; no switch for changing to MANUAL tuning.
- ★ Push-Button stations can, within broad limits, be any of your own choice.

ALL-WAVE MODEL P.B.53. (As illustrated).
5-valve (inc. rect.) A.C. Superhet. 10 Push Buttons
—7 Long and Medium wave stations and 3 wave-
band selectors each combining automatic change
to manual tuning. Clear, illuminated,
station-calibrated dial. 8-watt quality
output. 'Teleflic'. **12½ GNS.**
or on popular payments

CANDID CARTOONS by *Kem*



THE LONDON-PARIS HALIFAXIS

Rt. Hon. ANTHONY EDEN, M.P.,
Ex-Foreign Secretary

Dear Mr. Eden,—You plead eloquently for national unity. Yet one part of your speech, which has set politicians by the ears, suggests that you are seeking to lead a new Party.

Would that not cause disunion, a confusion of the issues which face us, a dangerous and stupid dissipation of Parliament's energy?

We shall not strengthen Peace by creating new factions among ourselves.

We cannot use the power of Democracy to solve delicate international problems while our minds are distracted by carping criticism and divided loyalties.

And it is to be regretted that a statesman with honesty of purpose should, in his quest for a more settled international order, use language that can only hinder our progress toward that goal.—**JOHN BULL.**

The Earl of TANKERVILLE,
Chillingham Castle, Northumberland

My Lord,—Hang out your banners from the castle walls! Draw your sword and champion our rights!

Those rights are being flagrantly outraged, you think, by the plan to send children from the great towns to be billeted in the country in time of war.

But the most important right, it seems to me, is to protect our children from horror. And I doubt if it would be a terrible hardship for you to find room in your castle for one or two youngsters whose parents have not the great possessions which you inherited from your father.—**JOHN BULL.**

Mrs. MAY SOUTHGATE,
Ipswich

DEAR MADAM,—Congratulations on clearing your young husband's name.

He started work after a long spell of unemployment, and for two days drew both wages and the "dole," thinking that he would not be paid for those two days as it was wet. When the mistake was found, you took his wages to the employment exchange. They were refused; your husband was charged.

Fortunately the case was dismissed. But I want to know if the Ministry of Labour has anything else to do than undertake such stupid and trumpery prosecutions.—**JOHN BULL.**

Mr. HARRY H. HUGHES,
Bury Insurance Committee

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—If you can imagine anything so stupidly mean as the attack on the nation's health service—well, let me know.

Open Letters And Telegrams

Rt. Hon. G. LANSBURY: You're right: hunger chief cause of war. World conference I advocate would remove economic barriers, make world's riches available to all hungry nations.—**JOHN BULL.**

Mr. NATHAN LASKI: Jailing Manchester woman for six months, you appealed for action against bogus charities. I've done so for years; have hope at last of Government move.—**JOHN BULL.**

CHANCELLOR of EXCHEQUER: Heed all-Party plea for increase in old age and widows' pensions. By opening money-bags just a little you'd ease tremendous amount of misery.—**JOHN BULL.**

In the sweet name of economy, many expensive investigations are being held into the supply of drugs and appliances to panel patients.

As you say, if a sick man is denied a specialist, or a spinal support or other appliance that he should have, his doctor can only prescribe "a medicine, some medicine, more medicine." Then the doctor is accused of extravagance.

I shall continue to attack this dangerous tomfoolery until Whitehall tries to improve public health instead of making it worse.—**JOHN BULL.**

Rev. H. S. O'NEILL,
Hoylake, Cheshire

REVEREND SIR,—I criticize the Church. Often I have to attack its ministers for arrogance or reaction. But I am always ready to admire such men as yourself.

A man with previous convictions pleaded guilty to garage-breaking. You offered to employ him and his wife, to give a chance in fresh surroundings. The judge has accepted your offer.

I hope the experiment succeeds. Anyway, you are practising what you preach.—**JOHN BULL.**

Sir EDMUND CRANE,
Cycle Magnate

DEAR SIR EDMUND,—I welcome your proof that Britain leads the world in cycle production.

Proof it is, for accountants' figures show that your firm has manufactured nearly 900,000 cycles since January, 1937.

Not only have your works a larger output than any other at home or abroad, but you have successfully

fought subsidised competition from Germany and Japan. For all their boasts, Britain can still show them a thing or two.—**JOHN BULL.**

Councillor R. F. KERRISON,
Yarmouth

DEAR COUNCILLOR,—Dear, dear! So roads should not be named after Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Byron and Tennyson because the moral character of these illustrious men does not meet with your majestic approval!

Why, some of them wrote quite naughty lines. The old nobility, you declare, was still more disreputable. So you want the roads named after present-day councillors.

Lucky Yarmouth to have saints for its councillors! Lucky Yarmouth to have a Kerrison to oust that dreadful Shakespeare!—**JOHN BULL.**

Miss ELEANOR RATHBONE, M.P.,
House of Commons

DEAR MISS RATHBONE,—Thanks for the smile.

Every man, according to you, is a tyrant at heart. He likes to think he's "the great god" in the eyes of wife and family.

And he's the hidden enemy of women—the dreadful ogre trying to ambush advocates of family allowances lest his wife should become financially independent!

Well, it's as amusing as the wildest rantings of the old-time Suffragettes. But you don't really believe such piffle, do you?—**JOHN BULL.**

Lord JAMIESON,
Court of Session, Edinburgh

MY LORD,—A widow whose son was killed on the railway sued for £1,000 damages. Her husband had announced his intention of making the claim, but died before actually taking proceedings.

You declared that the widow had no right to sue. Of course, you were administering the law. But what a rottenly unfair law it is!—**JOHN BULL.**

HENRY JOHN MALLOCK,
Yeovil, Somerset

DEAR SIR,—A Cabinet Minister has privately said that the unemployed don't want work as they are so well-off on the "dole." He should be introduced to you.

Fined £5 for stealing chickens, you are in trouble for not paying up.

You walked twelve miles to the court to tell how you had been workless for two years and had to let your son be adopted because you could not afford to keep him.

Asked how you live, you answered: "On swedes and turnips and any cheap muck."

Yet our purblind rulers won't realise that it would be wiser, more merciful, more profitable to provide work for men like you.—**JOHN BULL.**

MAJOR ROAD AHEAD

A STORY OF THE STAGE TOLD BY

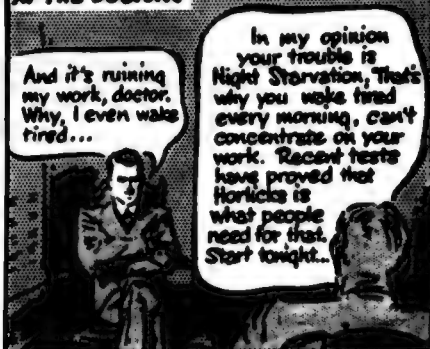
Dorothy L. Sayers

The famous novelist and playwright, author of "The Five Red Herring," "The Nine Tailors" and part-author of the recent West End success "Busman's Honeymoon."

LATER AT HOME



AT THE DOCTOR'S



SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT AND WHAT A CHANGE IN PETER



SIX WEEKS LATER - FIRST NIGHT



NEXT EVENING



Doctors and scientists use Horlicks in recent tests

AN amazing series of tests has been recently made on men and women. Doctors wanted to find out why some people always wake tired, feel run-down, "nervy," not up to their jobs.

Groups of these people slept under test conditions, and each night at regular intervals blood was taken from their arms. It was tested and found in most cases to contain an excess of acid waste products such as carbon dioxide (CO₂). This excess acid waste was activating their brain and nerves, which means that though their bodies were sound asleep, their brain and nerves

lay wide awake.

When the doctors gave these same people Horlicks last thing at night, it was found that the Horlicks not only replaced energy used up in heartbeats, breathing and other automatic actions, but it also caused complete neutralisation of excess acid waste products. The result was that these people woke refreshed next morning. Taking Horlicks regularly at bedtime, these men and women soon regained their full vitality.

Start taking Horlicks tonight. Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.



First always on my Shopping List—because

SHREDDDED WHEAT

IS FIVE TIMES FAVOURED!

● IF you have a family to cater for, as I have, and the health of husband and growing children to watch, you cannot go wrong if you make Shredded Wheat the regular Breakfast meal. Not only do all my folk love its appealing wheaten flavour, but with every helping I know they are getting Nature's finest nourishment in a form that does them most good. This

knowledge is certainly satisfying to women who take home-catering seriously. So also is the fact that Shredded Wheat can be served in all sorts of tempting ways, at any time—breakfast, lunch or supper—while it saves time, trouble and the expense of cooking. In fact, Shredded Wheat meets perfectly the housewife's "happy ideal" of an all-round family food.



Shredded Wheat
is the Order of
the Day in a
million homes for
these 5 reasons

1	IT'S DELICIOUS
2	IT'S NOURISHING
3	IT'S HEALTH-GIVING
4	IT'S CONVENIENT
5	IT'S ECONOMICAL



£100,000 RAMP IN HOROSCOPES

PROFESSOR EL TANAH, the biggest humbug in the world, has fled from Jersey, Channel Islands. For the past four years, this remarkable twister, who is really William Francis Mitchell, a Canadian with American nationality, has persisted in his gigantic horoscope racket.

In that time nearly £100,000 must have reached him. When he slipped away from Jersey recently he left Miss Helen Cunningham, secretary of his various concerns, in charge, and said that he was going to London and would return in about four days.

A young American woman, Miss Edith Horath, closely associated with him in his Jersey business, said she was also going to London and would be back about the same time.

Since then the local authorities have received information that both of them have been seen in Paris.

Miss Cunningham, after waiting weeks without any news from either of them, went to the police.

She had paid into the bank about £2,000 which had arrived since she had been in charge.

By that time a number of creditors had begun court actions for the recovery of debts.

These were all against the Jersey Publishing Company, Ltd., of 4 King Street, the parent firm controlling all Mitchell's ventures.

Included were claims for rent, electric light, and printing, and also an application by Lloyds Bank, Ltd., to destrain on two motor-cars and furniture belonging to Mitchell.

Advocate P. N. Richardson said he would have several other claims to make and intimated that the company was going into liquidation.

Later the Attorney-General said that he had received a communication from a gentleman saying he was the liquidator of the company in England. He asked that local cases should be held up until the firm's affairs were dealt with as a whole.

The Chief Bailiff of the island has, therefore, taken possession of all Mitchell's premises, and all the doors have been sealed.

Remaining lease of El Tanah's luxury house, the Villa des Fleurs, about two miles outside St. Helier, was sold, with the furniture, to a Jersey trader shortly before he left.

HOWEVER, the purchaser did not take possession until El Tanah and Miss Horath left the island.

It is astonishing how this impostor, now nearly seventy years of age, has been able to carry on his rams for so long and on such a scale.

I have denounced him in the bluntest language—a local newspaper reprinted my main exposure with acid comments headed "Jersey Should say 'Good-bye' to 'Professor' El Tanah"—and many inhabitants of the island showed that they resented his presence there.

More than that, the Attorney-General of the Jersey administration, asking for his deportation about eighteen months ago, described him as an undesirable alien of the worst type.

He resisted the application on a point of law and escaped with a fine of £100 for not registering.

Still he went on, duping millions of people with his factory-made horoscopes.

Day after day bulging mailbags containing letters from every part of the British Isles, America, Canada, the British Dominions and Colonies, France, Germany and the Baltic States, poured in.

At one time it was estimated that more than 50,000 orders a month were received, and that the daily revenue was frequently about £100.

Subsidiary companies were started at different addresses for a postal trade in brooches and rings which were supposed to be lucky.

The Jersey authorities, of course, knew that this was going on. They were also aware that the man behind it all was no more an Eastern mystic than any donkey boy on the beach.

Yet, they were apparently powerless to take any effective action, except to warn him that if he supplied his horo-

This is "Professor El Tanah's" pet picture. Although he is nearly seventy, this slippery rogue would like you to picture him as a handsome Oriental with all the mystery and glamour of the East



scopes to anyone living on the island he would be inviting trouble. He took the hint and avoided doing so.

But the rest of the world was his open market. He advertised extensively, and an example of his showmanship was an interview with himself published in a paper called "Twentieth Century Astrology," which he started when he went to Jersey.

Describing how he found "Professor El Tanah" superintending the finishing touches to his luxurious suite of offices in a large, white, modern building in one of the most picturesque parts of the island, the interviewer wrote: "He is a lithe, brown-skinned figure of medium height, dressed in neat European clothes."

In the same article it was stated that it was the Professor's intention to encourage faith in astrology in every home in the British Isles.

"For five years," he was quoted, "I have been studying, calculating and planning in my little villa in the South of France."

"The fruits of my labour are in that portfolio." He pointed to a "big steel-bound portfolio," which rested against his desk.

"By systematised working," he added, "and handing over the less important calculations to my trained assistants, we can prepare individually-cast horoscopes at an extremely low charge."

THE charge was as much as he could get—between two pounds and five shillings.

He would accept payment by instalments of as little as sixpence, rather than let a prospective victim go.

The "systematised working" consisted of mass-produced readings from standardised astrology, and the "trained assistants" were a large staff, mostly girls, extracting postal orders and cheques from letters, multi-typing the

predictions, and mailing off the shameless rubbish.

What a busy factory it was! The whole floor above the premises of a firm of multiple tailors in King Street was taken over.

But this address was also the headquarters of the Jersey Publishing Company, Ltd., registered in London in 1934.

Though it was stated that this company was "to acquire from Edith M. Horath a mail order business for the sale and publication of scientific literature," it was El Tanah who was behind the whole concern.

WHEN the company was registered the purchase agreement provided for transfer of 20,000 five shillings shares to Edith Horath in consideration of equipment, copyright and M.S.S.

The registration of the company in London appears to have been the merest formality.

At first an address at Thornton Heath, Surrey, was given, but more recent returns indicated Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

However, when a search was made there following El Tanah's disappearance, not a scrap of paper dealing with the company could be found.

Miss Cunningham, the secretary, who remained behind when El Tanah left Jersey, had a nominal holding of three ordinary shares.

It seems clear that throughout she has acted more in the capacity of an employee than anything else.

El Tanah and Miss Horath have been the real controllers of the main company and all the subsidiary firms.

At the time they left the island there were no fewer than five of them—the Jersey Publishing Co., Ltd., the Jersey Chemical Company, El Tanah Studios, Rex Trading Company, and the Sark Jewel Company.

Sir Wyndham Childs

has been relentless in his war on "Professor El Tanah," the bogus mystic whose horoscope ramp has netted him nearly £100,000.

"El Tanah," a Canadian named Mitchell, has now flown from his headquarters in the Channel Islands. Here Sir Wyndham Childs takes you behind the scenes of his gigantic racket.

Their latest venture, the Jersey Lily Beauty Lotion offer, is the one in which, I am afraid, most people are doomed to lose their money.

In the guise of the Jersey Chemical Company, they sent out letters inviting share subscriptions to exploit the sale of this preparation.

The moment I heard of it I published the strongest possible warning, but, from information now in my possession, it appears that many people parted with their money.

It was a cunning snare.

They managed to secure the publication in some newspapers over here, and probably in other countries, of an advertisement offering free samples of this beauty lotion.

Claimed to be made from a nine-hundred-years-old secret, originally discovered by Marie Augusta, a celebrated beauty of the old Jersey nobility, it was impudently dedicated to the memory of the famous Lily Langtry.

Those who sent for the sample subsequently received the share-pushing letter.

MANY people who had fallen for El Tanah's horoscope nonsense were also circarised.

Before the ordinary five-shilling shares could be bought for ten shillings each, it was necessary to buy a similar number of one pound preference shares.

It was also stated that the Jersey Lily Beauty Lotion Preparations, Ltd., was being incorporated with authorised capital of fifty thousand pounds.

When Mitchell, in his masquerade as El Tanah, stated that he had been "studying, calculating and planning in his little villa in the South of France," he conveniently forgot to mention that he was on the Continent because he cleared out of London in a hurry.

That was in 1929, when a company called Coueism with which he was associated was suddenly wound up. He had hoped to make £50,000 out of this venture.

I made some pointed comments about the prospectus, and when Mitchell, then living at the Park Lane Hotel, Mayfair, London, saw them in print, he travelled poste-haste to Belgium.

He began life on his father's farm in Ontario, Canada, and after travelling as the representative of a stationery firm, he became a trick cyclist in the United States.

There he acquired American citizenship, and came to England from Paris in 1912.

For a time he was busy with various dance-halls in London.

Then he was concerned with Continental suspects in a fortune-telling ramp from an address in Westminster Bridge Road.

IN 1918 the police pounced on them, and Mitchell was fined one hundred pounds under the Paper Restrictions Act in force at that time.

Later, he branched out in the night-club business, and promoted Rector's, which became a notorious haunt.

Soon he was in trouble under the licensing laws, and was fined three hundred pounds.

In the end the Rector's company became bankrupt with liabilities of more than thirty thousand pounds.

Mitchell was made bankrupt at the same time, and he has never obtained his discharge.

No wonder he needed to "plan and calculate" in a little villa in France before he started up again in the biggest racket of all.

Write to "John Bull" About It!

FOR SMALL TRADERS. SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY
Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 bargains. Oldest, Largest, Cheapest & Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue & Guide.—Cochran's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CROCKERY. 120 assorted articles 10/-, 48 cups, etc., 4/- Glass & Hardware Dinner Set Free. Cat. & Guide Free.—Bridge St. Pottery, 9, Burslem.

FREE ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, etc., etc. (wholesale only).—LEWY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

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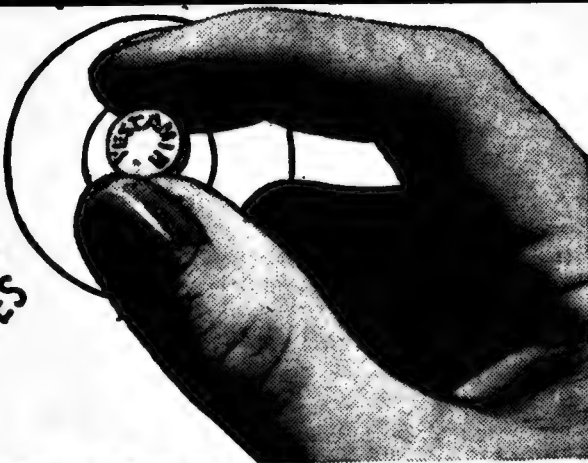
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CONSTIPATION
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ADVICE TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS.—Let Mrs. Howard give you her expert advice on dressing the Modern Baby. See her advertisement, page 2. Home-made, 75-piece Layette for only 38/-. Also choicest quality, 42/-.

FREE catalogue of the latest 1938 Berkeley Superlux Easy Chair and complete range of coverings. Fill in coupon on page 31.

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ACCORDIONS AT HALF PRICE: Pacific, Soprano, Co-operative, Antonio Rocca, Enrico Piccini, Armonico, Fratelli Amati, Antonio Gagliardi. 24 monthly payments. Real opportunity. Catalogue free.—Fania, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 310, Regent Street, London, W.1.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

DO YOU KEEP CHICKENS? Here's splendid news for all poultry keepers... a unique opportunity not to be missed. To-day the Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic invites you, whether you keep a few fowls in the backyard or farm on an extensive scale, to participate in a great new money-saving plan that will be worth POUNDS. Thousands of men and women interested in keeping poultry are already benefiting by this great idea—make sure you have details immediately by sending a postcard for particulars to: Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic, Dept. J.B.8, 47, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

GARDENING.

PORTABLE BUILDING CONSTRUCTION REVOLUTIONISED!! Sheds, Greenhouses, etc. now available made from genuine Western Red Cedar, the everlasting wood which has rot, will not warp, crack or shrink and has a beautiful appearance. Prices are as low as 27/6 and all models are available on easy terms from 2/- down. FREE DELIVERY ALL SIZES. Send at once for FREE Illustrated Catalogue to R. H. Hall & Co. (Kent), Ltd., 20, Paddock Wood, Kent.

GARDENERS! What to do in November. The November Number of Oadham's New Style "Pocket Gardening," edited by Mr. Richard Soell, is crammed with practical ideas and information. How to make a Rock Garden, Shrubs for the Small Garden, making a Pebble Pavement, use of Lattice for Screening, how to make a trouble-free Fernery. You'll like every one of its 100 pages, which contain 27 Articles and 87 Illustrations. Get your copy NOW. Ask for the new pocket size "GARDENING," on sale everywhere. Price 6d.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliances. New discovery! Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binns and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (230 W.), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

COLDS and HEADACHES quickly relieved by Cephos, the Physician's Remedy. Recommended by Doctors and Nurses. In Powder or Tablets. Send p.c. for FREE SAMPLE.

CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. 39), BLACKBURN.

A FREE sample of URACE brand tablets for rheumatism sufferers is offered in ad. on p. 38.

CATARH sufferers are offered a free sample of Dr. Blosser's herbal cigarettes on page 37.

IF you are run-down, suffer from colds, chills, etc., fill in the coupon in the large display advertisement on this page.

HEALTHY legs for all! Don't let leg troubles cripple you. Send for free sample and booklet. See page 39.

FREE—A sample of Boile's Gin Pills for Kidney Trouble, Backache, etc.—Write, mentioning John Bull, to Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 31/32a, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. See p. 32.

SUFFERERS from Constipation. Get a free sample of Epsolaba, the new pleasant way of taking salts. Simply write to Epsolaba, Ltd. (J.B.8), 89, Chancery Lane, W.C.2. See page 42.

FREE—You can obtain a free trial sample of Higginson Brand Bismuth Dyspepsia Tablets by filling in the coupon on page 35. Enclose 1d. stamp for postage. Higginson Dyspepsia Tablets get to the cause of indigestion. They can be taken at any time and are eaten just like sweets.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.1), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

FREE!—Send a p.c. to Odol (Dept. J.B.1), Norwich, and a free trial sample of this famous dentifrice will be sent by return. See p. 24.

THE Policies of the Prudential Assurance Co. provide protection for your wife or your children, and an income for the man himself. Fill in coupon on page 31. You may never regret it.

FREE—£10 is offered by the makers of Zuber. Provide the last line to the unfinished Limerick in the advert. on p. 35.

HOW to keep Health, Happiness and Affection in your life! Amazing book FREE to every reader. A remarkable chart is sent with every book. Fill in the coupon in the Wincarnis advertisement now on page 27.

FREE—Send for a sample of Hindes Hints Tint staining shade required, to Hindes, Ltd., 5, St. Queen St. London, W.C.2. and enclose 2d. for postage. See page 42.

A FREE Booklet explaining how you can make extra money in spare time with the new O.T.L. Tool Chest & Home Repairing Outfit is offered on p. 37. Fill in the coupon.

FREE—Fill in the coupon on p. 25 for full particulars of Philips' "New Listening" models. There are numerous models and can be obtained on H.F. terms.

THOUSANDS of women have maintained their health and strength by wearing a Spencer Maternity Belt.—Write, mentioning John Bull, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 64, Britannia Rd., Banbury, Oxon, for Maternity Booklet and name of nearest local Corsetmaker. See p. 28.

FREE—Hundreds of free gifts can be exchanged for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons, so send a 1d. postcard now to Dept. C.E.14, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for a wonderful free booklet and voucher. See p. 26.

HOUSEWIVES, get this free book, "The Complete Guide to Home Cooking." It contains all kinds of recipes and Recipe Marks for all baked dishes. Simply write to the address in the book advertisement on page 27 and a copy of this free book will be sent to you.

FREE: Particulars of the leading British Firework Outfits are contained in a descriptive leaflet published by ROBBINS. Write to Robbings, Ltd. (Dept. 48), Dereham, Norfolk, for free copy. Boys will appreciate Robbings' British Firework Outfits—a complete set of tools to keep them happy making practical things in wood. See page 32.

MAIL HITTING.—Free booklet sent privately for 11d. stamp explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Filter, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.1), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Special Dossier—Contd.

THE part of my work which provides me with the greatest happiness is the assistance I am able to give to readers by direct advice. Here's a typical instance.

On October 24 a country reader asked for my guidance about a County Court action threatened by a firm whose methods I have always disliked.

She was asked to pay half the claim "to avoid litigation costs."

I wired to her not to pay a penny and followed this up with a letter telling her what to do.

By return she was advised by the firm's solicitors that they had withdrawn the case.

The reader was anxious to know what she owed me for the help I had given. It was a pleasure to tell her that this service is, of course, entirely free.

GUN-SMUGGLER DUPES WOMEN

GUESTS at a private hotel in Highbury Place, London, N., were very intrigued when James Carmichael joined them recently.

He seemed different from all the people who had ever stayed there. An air of mystery, a spark of adventure in his eyes, made him a refreshing new topic the moment he arrived.

They were not left long in doubt.

James Carmichael, with just the touch of a delightful Scots accent, confided to first one and then another of his fellow-guests that he was concerned in some big arms deals with China.

Risky? Of course it was, but he simply revelled in danger.

It had been the breath of his life. He was over sixty now, but he looked forward to many more thrills.

In fact, he hinted in special confidence to one eighty-year-old woman, it was more than likely he would soon be back in the turmoil of the Chinese war. "Depends on the Big Fellow," he added.

After that he often referred to the "Big Fellow," particularly when he borrowed money from this aged woman.

"I will have plenty of money when he fixes up the deal," he assured her.

He said the same thing to another woman in the hotel who lent him money.

When he was away from the hotel for three or four days at a time he explained that he had been to Paris or Dunkirk on secret missions.

* * *

After about four months, the two women grew anxious about the money they had lent him. Mr. Carmichael suddenly left the hotel, but wrote later from another address.

"I am able to reveal that this man of mystery is none other than the notorious ex-Colonel Christie, gun-running General in the Chinese Army, arch swindler and former spy suspect.

Only last year he went to jail for twelve months on charges of obtaining money by fraud. He lost his Army rank and O.B.E. decoration when he was imprisoned in Shanghai for arms smuggling.

Of course, the two women in the little hotel are still without their money, and so are a number of other people who have made loans to this rogue since he came out of jail.

Christie did not pay his bill during the whole time he was at the hotel, and a man, whom he told he was selling his life-story for a large sum, advanced him money.

To-day this man holds a worthless cheque for £300 given him by Christie.

Since he came out of prison he has resorted to all the old tricks by which he has lived, sometimes in great luxury, almost since the war ended.

For a long time he was in the arms racket, and he certainly seems to have been in some exciting escapades in China.

* * *

All the time, though, he was in trouble because of the way he obtained money.

Once when he absconded from North China he took with him a considerable quantity of jewellery he obtained from a woman.

When he did have plenty of funds he lived very extravagantly.

On a number of occasions he has taken a flat in London, completely re-designing it on a lavish scale, and invariably building a buffet bar which he stocked with almost every kind of drink imaginable.

Yet, he is a total abstainer!

It is not certain where he is at present, but it is thought he is in Dunkirk.

A few weeks ago he telephoned from there to one of his dupes calmly asking if he would place a sum of money to his credit in a London bank!



Ex-Colonel Christie before he was deprived of his rank and award

6d. CRUSADERS WANT TO STIR NATION!

MANY people in all parts of the country who are being asked to subscribe to the Anti-Poison Gas Association are wondering just how much use it all is.

The head office is in Bath Street, Glasgow, and canvassers are employed to obtain sixpenny donations.

Mr. W. Crompton Holgate, the secretary, states that the prime object of his association is to organise public opinion throughout Europe in support of the pledges given not to use poison gas in war.

But there is nothing about which public opinion in every country is already more united than against the use of poison gas at any time.

It is difficult to see how this worldwide feeling can be strengthened by paying sixpence and belonging to an association.

Mr. Holgate spends most of his time at Leamington Spa, and when one of my representatives visited the head office in Glasgow the only person there was a typist.

I see by the published balance-sheet that out of nearly £2,000 collected last

year, £1,051 went in salaries and commission paid to "crusade organisers."

Since, according to Mr. Holgate, an average of fifteen canvassers a week are employed at about 30s. each, this expenditure is absorbed by their salaries or commission.

Another £150 was spent on travelling expenses. Mr. Holgate takes a salary of £250, motor expenses were £50, rent, rates and taxes £40, office salaries £44, general charges £69, and postages £22.

Compared with all these overhead costs there is an item of only £32 10s. 11d. expended on meetings.

I can understand that people are quite naturally wondering whether this Society fills any real need.

This week's £1 1s. goes to Mr. J. W. Driver, of 8, Newcombe Street, Market Harborough, for information which enables me to give a useful warning against an old racket in a new form.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP CHARITY

POOOR CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY, with all the familiar signs of the make-believe charity organisation, has sprouted in North West London.

Ellerslie Hall, 79, Chichele Road, N.W., is shown as the headquarters on the pamphlets distributed.

My investigator found that number 79 was an empty house, but at the back, at the end of a side path, was a small hall. It was locked up.

A Cricklewood printer, who was requested to call there for payment for the pamphlets, had a similar experience.

When he rang up the telephone number given the man who answered denied that the Society owed anything for printing.

The following Saturday, at a local football match, he saw one of the men who had placed the order.

* * *

With him was a woman, and they both had collecting boxes.

The moment the man caught sight of the printer he moved off and was lost in the crowd.

He had given the name of Leslie J. Toms, and he is described as the organiser.

A concern with a similar name has its central headquarters in Manchester, and last year, according to its own figures, only £34 out of £900 collected went to charity.

Have nothing to do with their collectors wherever they turn up.

There are many more satisfactory ways of helping the poor and needy.

His Promise

"I PROMISE to return your £50 in full any time you give a fortnight's notice," wrote W. King, of Imperial Buildings, New Bridge-street, London, E.C., to a reader who invested in his Imperial Greyhound System.

Now, when the reader urgently requires money because of his wife's illness, Mr. King says he is hard up and will pay when he can!

He is new to me, so I hope my warning will be in time to prevent his tentacles spreading.

Mutual Totaliser is another of his get-rich-quick schemes. Give them all a wide berth.

You Have Been Warned!

OUR friends the Mellor Brothers, whose Cheshire Pools ramp I exposed recently, are now trying hard to push the Paramount Pools Sharing Club, of Faulkner Street, Manchester, one of their subsidiary concerns.

Circulars, worded in the usual flowery get-rich-quick language, are reaching me from readers all over the country.

I can only repeat the advice I gave previously—don't waste your money.

* * *

MORTON AND CO., of 25, Clapham Road, London, S.W., finding that their fee-snatching ramp is becoming too well known under that name, are trying a new disguise.

Their snare advertisement, offering to assist in the purchase of businesses by easy instalments, is now appearing under the name of "Dee, 14 Regent Street, London."

A reader who replied received the same old bundle of cunningly worded literature from Morton and Co.

* * *

THE Trade Protection Agency, of Cheapside, London, E.C., is so anxious to find good enquiry agents that they offer their postal course "for the small fee of 7s. 6d."

It is added that "the instructions are written by a member of this firm who has had thirty years experience in the trade and knows the business from A to Z."

He should also know perfectly well, therefore, that if enquiry agents are really required there are any number of thoroughly qualified men anxious for work.

My name for this offer is the familiar one of "fee-snatching."

Any complaints?



People often think that radio manufacturers give all their attention to their mains sets and forget about the unfortunate folk who have to use battery sets. If *you* think that is so, I wish you'd go to a Murphy Dealer and listen to these three sets. Of course, performance from a technical point of view isn't quite the same as on our mains sets because that isn't humanly possible, but if they put you behind a screen and let you hear first a battery and then a mains set, I'll bet you would have a job to tell which was which. We're particularly proud of the "47" Console. We put in a lot of work on the permanent magnet system of the loudspeaker, to give you for the first time "console quality" on a battery set and we've done it, *without increasing battery consumption.*

E. J. POWER, *Managing Director.*

47 ALL WAVE BATTERY TABLE MODEL
Almost the battery equivalent of our more expensive mains table models. Fitted with ABC tuning scale with 2 speed control, continuously variable tone control and automatic volume control. Q.P.P. output stage gives large volume with low battery consumption. Cabinet in dark polished walnut.
PRICE (WITHOUT BATTERIES) £11.10

45 BATTERY TABLE MODEL
A very sensitive straight 3-valve receiver with a special circuit called Constant Reaction, which practically eliminates "faddling" with the reaction control. Automatic grid bias gives battery economy. Uses any standard H.T. battery. Cabinet in black walnut.
PRICE (WITHOUT BATTERIES) £7

47C ALL WAVE BATTERY CONSOLE MODEL
Has a similar radio circuit to the 47 table model described above, but with tremendously improved quality of reproduction and more volume because of the special loudspeaker and large cabinet. These results are obtained without increasing the battery consumption. Cabinet in dark and medium toned walnut with a contrasting plinth.
PRICE (WITHOUT BATTERIES) £14.5

Other Murphy Models include:
MAINS TABLE MODELS from £9.10 to £18.10
MAINS CONSOLE MODELS from £13.15 to £35
MAINS RADIOGRAMS from £20 to £85
TELEVISION RECEIVERS from £30 to £65

**EVERY MURPHY SET
HAS A HIGH EXPECTATION OF LIFE**

HIRE PURCHASE TERMS AVAILABLE ON ALL MURPHY SETS
All Murphy sets, exclusive of valves and batteries, guaranteed for a year. Prices do not apply in Eire.
 Murphy Radio Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

C.R.C. 841

If
DIANA WYNYARD
offered
you a
cigarette,
it would
be a



De Reszke
- of course!

*'Mine's a MINOR!
is what you will say when
you have once tried the
ten-minute smoke for those
who want 'something better!'*

'D.R. MINORS 30 FOR 1/6

J. Millhoff & Co. Ltd., No. 1 Piccadilly, W.1 • Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

A. G. Gardiner on the Empire and Its Monarch



The World Would Miss This Broadcast

IT is gratifying to know that the statement, circulated in the Press some days ago, that there would be no Empire broadcast by the King on Christmas Day, was unauthorised, and that the matter is still under consideration.

It is not too late, therefore, to express what, I am sure, is the public feeling on the subject.

About that feeling there can be no question. It is not too much to say that the unforgettable emotion which swept the country on the occasion of the death of George V was largely due to the effect of his Christmas broadcasts to the Empire.

They brought him into immediate touch with the heart of the people as no public ceremonial could do, and established an intimate personal relationship between the monarch and the nation that humanised and enriched the current of our life.

IT was as though, at the most kindly of our festivals, the head of the family made a personal visit to the homes of all, without discrimination of class or opinion, bringing a message of greeting and encouragement and reminding us that there was a common love of country and a common call to its service that transcended all our differences.

It would be a profound disappointment to the nation if that simple and touching appeal to the heart of the people from the head of the State were absent from the ritual of the coming Christmas.

And the disappointment would not be felt by us alone. Perhaps not even by us chiefly.

Those broadcasts were heard to the farthest limits of the Empire.

In the remotest solitudes of the bush and the veldt and the prairie they brought, with the force that only the living voice can give, the sense of

communion with the homeland and the reminder of all the happy associations that make the Christmas season so sacred to the exile.

The discontinuance of this Christmas message would be regrettable from an Imperial point of view at any time. It would be peculiarly regrettable at the present time.

Not for more than a century has the world been in such tumult as it is to-day, nor has the future of the British Empire been so threatened from without. Much has occurred within the Empire itself to make that threat more real.

The political bonds that held the British system together have been dissolved. With the passing of the Statute of Westminster the self-governing Dominions have become independent States, as free from control by the British Parliament as Patagonia or far Cathay.

All that remains is a spiritual bond—a common language, the ties of blood, the heritage of free institutions, the love of personal liberty and equal justice and the inspiration of an immortal literature.

One visible symbol alone gives unity to the great structure of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

THAT symbol is the monarchy. Under the democratic system which is our greatest contribution to the government of mankind, the King is not the despot of an empire, but the constitutional head of its separate parts.

Through him and through him alone the spiritual unity of the British

Commonwealth is made a political reality.

For this reason the Christmas message from the monarch assumes a significance far beyond that of a mere formality.

It is the expression of all those intangible things that make the British Commonwealth one in thought, speech and spirit.

That nothing should be done at this critical time to weaken this sense of spiritual union between the members of the British Commonwealth is fully realised by the King himself.

HE has given proof of that by his decision to pay, in company with the Queen, a visit to Canada next summer.

In the new condition of his sovereignty imposed by the Statute of Westminster, he bears the same relation to the Canadian Parliament or the Australian Parliament as he does to the British Parliament.

Nothing can do so much to cement that new relationship as an official visit to the Dominion of which he is now, not the Imperial head, but the Constitutional sovereign.

If, as we hope, his reign is prolonged, it should be possible for him to visit the more distant Dominions of which he is equally the Constitutional head.

The visit to Canada is in itself an event of the highest importance. But its significance is greatly enhanced by the acceptance of the invitation which the President of the United States has extended to the King and Queen to visit the United States also.

This is an event of the happiest omen. It will be the first occasion on which a reigning monarch of this country has visited the great Republic whose separation from the British system was perhaps the most momentous misfortune in history.

Fortunately, all the bitterness of the past has gone, and to-day, faced with the landslide of Europe into despotism,

the two great English-speaking communities are more completely in step than they have ever been.

Whatever their differences in outlook, they are equally devoted to the cause of freedom and democratic government, and in defence of that cause their co-operation should be decisive.

In Canada we have a vital link in that future co-operation. Canada has never wavered in her loyalty to the British system.

But her relations with the United States for more than a century have been the greatest object-lesson in the pacific relations of neighbouring peoples.

The frontiers of Canada and the United States march side by side for more than 3,000 miles, and over the whole of that vast line there is not a fort or a gun or even a sentry-box.

That has been so since the Root-Bagot Agreement, made between this country and the United States in 1814.

It is so to-day, and we may confidently say that it will be so to the end of time.

When the King and Queen pass from Canada to the United States they will do so without being aware from any outward and visible sign that they have passed from British territory to foreign soil.

They will move over a great continent from which the shadow of war has been blown away, and with it all the hates and anxieties that afflict Europe to-day.

Is it too much to hope that in the future—perhaps not the far-distant future—the two great English-speaking democracies will enter into a federal system for the mutual protection of their liberties and the liberties of mankind? I do not think it is.

FOR already America sees the menace of the warlike nations approaching both on her Pacific flank and her Atlantic flank.

She realises that South America is the objective of both threatened attacks and that she can no longer depend on the British Navy alone for the defence of the Monroe Doctrine.

In a word, "isolation" is perishing as a practical policy before the grim facts of the time.

Meanwhile, and until America is ready to come in to the defence of democracy, let us omit no means of consolidating and strengthening the British system for the struggle ahead.

That is one, among many reasons, why I hope the Christmas message from the King to the Empire will not be allowed to lapse.

The Talk of London

WOMAN'S FAIR at Olympia has taken London by storm.

Since it opened, scores of thousands of men and women have visited this exhibition of the century.

In fact, so rapidly did the news of its attractions spread that three days after the opening all single-day attendance records for exhibitions at Olympia were smashed.

Exhibitors are astonished at the enormous amount of buying which is being done by visitors. Many stands have been sold out, and others have had to take on extra staff to deal with enquiries.

* * *

The Boulevard of Beauty, for example, has been thronged since the first hour of the Fair. It is estimated that more than 15,000 women have availed themselves of the various free treatments which are being given.

There are free manicures, pedicures, face massage, treatments for

the hair and ears, and endless opportunities for consulting experts of many famous beauty concerns on points of make-up and skin treatment.

* * *

Huge crowds are also being drawn to the three-daily sessions of the Fashion Theatre. The fast-moving and witty revue, into which a lavish show of the latest modes is cleverly interwoven, is proving a great success.

Daily visits by famous stage and screen stars provide visitors with an additional thrill.

Stanley Lupino, Adele Dixon, Fred Emney, Teddy Joyce, the Crazy Gang, June Carr, June Clyde, Sydney Howard, Vera Pearce and Max Miller are among the many celebrities who have visited the Fair.

Don't miss your chance to go to Olympia.

Woman's Fair will be open daily from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. until November 26.



Player's

CORK TIPPED MEDIUM OR MILD

Though fashion may influence her choice
in many matters, she smokes Player's
because, like so many of her friends, she
prefers these excellent cork-tipped cigarettes.

10 for 6⁰ • 20 for 11½⁰

HANNEN SWAFFERS WHO'S WHO

Father of Mickey Mouse

WALT DISNEY is, more than any other man or woman, the genius of the screen.

Charlie Chaplin with his ideas, Mary Pickford with her cold business brain, and David Wark Griffiths, the inventor of most of the mechanical effects, flashbacks, fade-outs and the like, were, until Disney came along with Mickey Mouse ten years ago, the great brains of the industry.

Now Walt Disney, discarding everything except his own fertile inventiveness, has become the being who, more than any other, has shown what the films can do.

You would not believe it, but even to-day, in money, he is not a rich man. For everything he makes goes into the future.

NOT until "Snow White" became his first full-length picture did he make any real money in the Hollywood sense. Even Mickey Mouse and the Silly Symphonies were just "shorts," treated as such, with no share of the gate, just sold outright.

Disney was often horribly in debt. But he would not compromise. He always felt that, eventually, his efforts would win through, that the results would be commensurate with the worth of the pictures.

He could always have reduced his costs, you know; but that meant doing inferior pictures. It would have shown a very handsome profit; but he would not do this.

He always felt that the "cartoon," as it was called at that time, could be so developed that it could become a form of entertainment all on its own.

So, against the advice of everybody, Disney insisted on making a full-length picture, one that could draw royalties like a Garbo film, or be starred like Clark Gable.

Even then, the money ran out. When a quarter of it was made, he was broke, and there were no backers. When that quarter-finished picture was shown to bankers, however, they believed at last.

Seldom have I met a genius so unobtrusively modest and yet so calmly self-assured. His humour apparently goes into his work. He doesn't understand leg-pulls.

THREE years ago, when he came to London and I went along with a solemn face to tell him that, as President of the Donald Duck League, I demanded that Donald Duck should be given his fair share of glory, he did not smile. He thought I was quite serious. By a coincidence, the next picture, made months before of course, gave Donald Duck his due.

Well, now, the profits of "Snow White" are all being lavished on "Pinocchio," the story of a marionette, which will cost between £300,000 and £340,000. This will be here next autumn.

Then comes "A Concert with Walt Disney and Leopold Stokowski," for which Disney, whose brain never rests, is creating a new form of technique, one that will show in picture form the feeling of classical music.

Stokowski and his orchestra will play Bach and Tchaikovsky and new music by Deems Taylor, and, while you hear the chords, you will see on the screen Disney's interpretation of what it means to him.

"A Concert," which will cost a fortune, is again a gamble.

Everyone advised against "Snow White." Now, everyone is advising against "A Concert."

"Who wants two hours of dwarfs?" they asked. "Who wants a long, dreary concert?" they say now.

Disney had first to persuade his staff. At the end, the great public will have to be won.

Even the British Film Censor said "Snow White" was too "horrific" for a Universal certificate.

"Children must not go without Papa and Mama," he said!

Actually, when "Snow White" ran for thirty-five weeks at the New Gallery, breaking all the records, only three children were afraid—and those, when assured by the manager "It is only a picture," went back again to smile.

They were not afraid of "the horrible witch." They feared that Snow White would be hurt.

If you visited the Disney Studios, now, you would see two deer in the grounds, and artists following them about all day, drawing them from every angle, while a moving camera recorded their every action. This is preliminary work for "Bambi."

YOU saw in "Flowers and Trees" how Disney first made the trees come to life.

Well, in "Bambi" this idea will be elaborated. Everything that moves in the woodland world, whether it be a bird or a falling leaf, will be given speech, so that they will make all Nature articulate.

You have no idea of the extent to which the detail has been studied. Teams of cameramen have been going all over the United States, photographing

woodland scenes in the changing seasons, recording the footpads made by deer in the forest glades.

All this will be made into a symphony of speech and sound. When autumn comes, leaves will talk of what happens after death, just like old men sitting round a fire.

Disney sees no end to the possibility of his line of work.

Flesh-and-blood stars, with a film life of ten years at the most, cash in on their reputations, fear old age at thirty perhaps.

Disney's art, which, ten years ago, was merely a rough idea of Mortimer, later renamed Mickey Mouse and his sweetheart, Minnie, black-and-white drawings which to-day he would call terribly crude, has become since then something which depends on nothing except the limits of his own imaginings.

He can make, and discard, stars as he pleases, just by drawing them.

HE and his staff of 750 now work in all sorts of apartment houses around the central studio. They have grown so in number that there is being built for them a new studio, attached to which there will be a complete zoo, so that the whole animal creation can be studied.

Walt Disney's staff are one big happy family—the "inkers," the "in-betweeners," the "animators," the directors and all of them.

All their ideas are pooled, you see, and so, to an extent, are their earnings, because, when "The Three Little Pigs" was being made, Disney, conscious of how much he owed to the willing collaboration around him, ordered that 20 per cent. of the profits on every picture should be distributed among the team that worked on that particular film.

He did not anticipate that, when "Snow White" came along, the money would pour in by the tubful. But he kept to his word.

So, to-day, artists who, a few years ago, had to wait for some weeks for their money, because Disney spent all he made on the next film, are comparatively rich men.

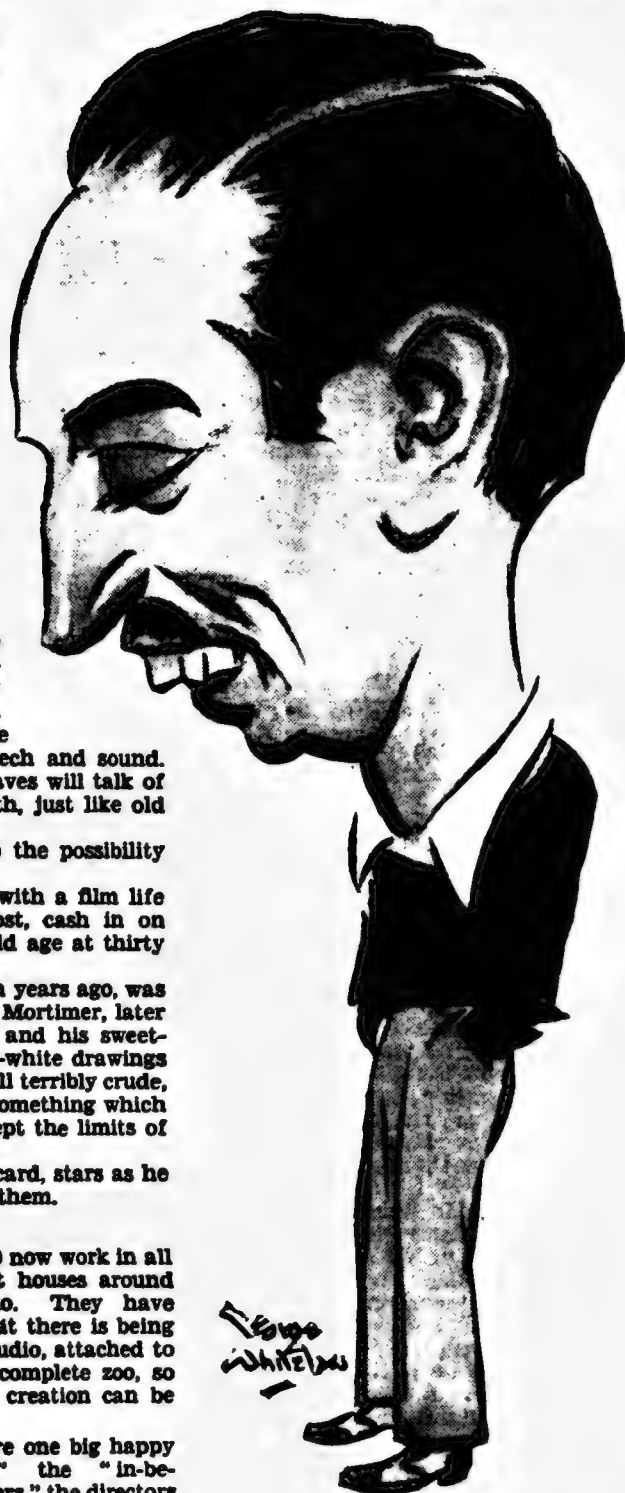
"Walt," to them all, is an elder brother. The family began really when he married one of the two girls who were his first animators. Now, it grows and grows...

There is really a different family on each picture—the shorts that take six months each to make, the full-length films that may take two, three or even five years!

And there are weeks of argument and conference before each one!

When Walt Disney began, the aim of every young man who could draw at all was to be a cartoonist. In those days, that represented Wealth and Fame. Comic strips brought in more than Rembrandt ever earned, or Michael Angelo, or Whistler.

But Disney, even in those days, could see miles beyond all that. You would scarce credit it, but he had to fight for



John Bull

No one but Disney believed that "Snow White" would be a success

Mickey Mouse almost like Epstein had to fight Convention in London.

He was treated merely as a comic artist who was rather a nuisance—and then only as a fill-up for "real stars."

The extraordinary thing about him is that, even to-day, when seemingly he has the world at his feet, he is thinking in a fourth dimension of films and still battling with all the experts over ideas which, when they first hear them, they call sheer lunacy.

To-day, more and more, he is assembling around him in Hollywood real artists of culture, some of them possessed almost of distinction.

When they arrive, they have to be taught the art of making animated films just as though they were at their first drawing lesson. Sculptors come, too, for Disney sees possibilities even in the plastic art.

IT is not a joke or a game or a rag. For Disney surveys the whole world of life.

He can find Music even in Silence. He is turning even Stillness into Motion. He is the Einstein of the Screen.

And yet, when you meet him, he is just one of those simple, nice guys who go around smiling, rather pleased when you take any notice of him. You can scarce believe that he has left all the rest of Hollywood far behind.

For his creations are ageless. They can't grow old.



● A JOHN BULL Investigator, introducing this article by a brilliant woman barrister who is now working as a charwoman, describes it as "The Most Pitiful Story of All"

I AM REFUGEE

SHE was on her knees scrubbing the floor when I saw her. It was a bit of a shock. Although they had told me I should find her doing "cleaning work" in that big office building near Bedford Square, London, I never expected the bucket and scrubbing-brush.

Because this slim, attractive young woman, who jumped up flushed and hot at my unexpected entry, was a barrister, and had pleaded for clients in a high court of justice.

My mission was to meet foreign refugees in London—"just typical cases"—and to get their plain unvarnished stories.

This young woman barrister turned charwoman was the first I found. She works within ten minutes' walk of JOHN BULL's offices.

"Yes," she said, "I will talk to you, but please will you wait outside until I have finished? I am a little sensitive about this scrubbing, although I am grateful of the chance of being able to do it."

Well, I waited, and later she took me to see her refugee husband and her refugee brother.

All three of them are Austrian Jews who once lived in Vienna in comfortable circumstances. Now, apart from help from a relative, their only income is the eighteen shillings a week she gets for her charring.

Brother and sister both speak excellent English, but the husband speaks only German and Yiddish. He is now learning English at night classes in the hope of getting a job in the only industry about which he knows anything—mineral water manufacture.

Their story, they assured me, was "just typical," not only of their co-religionists but of thousands of other exiles—Austrians, Czechs and Spaniards—who have been forced to flee troubled Europe, sacrificing everything they had worked for to save their lives.

Typical or not, it is the most tragic, pitiful story of oppression I have ever heard. Below, I leave this brave and brilliant young woman, who has thrown off her lawyer's gown for a sackcloth apron, to tell that story in her own words.

*

BEFORE the Nazis came to Austria we were such a happy, contented family.

My father was a well-known ear, nose and throat specialist with a big practice among English visitors to Vienna. My brother, who is also a doctor, held a good hospital appointment.

I was beginning to make headway at the bar, and my briefs brought me in about £300 a year. My husband held a good post as the manager of a mineral water factory. Oh, we were so happy!

Then the Nazis entered our country, and in a night everything for which we had worked so hard was brought crashing down.

My brother was the first to suffer. With Austria part of the German Reich, anti-Jewish regulations came into force, and his job at the hospital was taken from him.

His private practice, too, vanished, for no patients would dare call on a Jewish doctor.

He and his wife were insulted in the streets and spat upon. They spent most of the days in their flat, afraid to go out.

Twice young men of the Nazi Party came thundering at the door late at night demanding entrance. In their searches they nearly wrecked the place. But they found nothing. What was there to find?

My brother was not interested in politics. He was interested only in curing the sick.

His wife became seriously ill with fear and worry.

Friends of ours were being sent to Dachau, the terrible concentration camp, and he wondered what his fate was to be. Soon he knew.

HE was given seven days in which to get out of the country—or be sent to the camp.

By begging and praying he managed to get from the British Consulate a visa to travel to England.

They granted it because our great-aunt, with whom we are now living in London, guaranteed that he would not be a charge on the public funds.

But no amount of pleading would obtain a visa for his wife.

Well, it was England or the prison camp for him, and his wife insisted he should leave. He did so when his time of grace had three hours to expire.

Nazi guards were at the station to see him on the train for the frontier.

His wife was not even permitted to wave him farewell at the station.

She is now living in a garret with my parents, getting food from a soup kitchen. Fortunately, they have no children.

All my brother's savings in a Vienna bank were seized. The furniture in his flat was sold under an order, and the proceeds went into the Nazi Party funds.

He was only allowed the money for his fare to England and the equivalent of twenty shillings for living expenses.

By this time my father had also lost his practice, and his savings were taken.

The only income he had was the interest on £2,500 invested in England in 3½ per cent. local loans—a legacy from my grandfather, who was a naturalised Englishman.

His home was also sold up around him.

For a while father, mother and my brother's wife managed to live on the interest paid them from England. Then father had to declare—as all Jews in Austria were required to do—his foreign investments.

One morning he was summoned to a Nazi office and there confronted with a document which was a power of attorney to deal with his £2,500, drawn in favour of a firm of London stockbrokers, which acts for the German Reichsbank.

He was forced to sign that document. They told him it would be the prison camp if he refused. And so he had to sign, and that money, all

that was left of a considerable fortune, vanished.

Now, as I have said, he is penniless. He, a distinguished doctor, must beg.

Of course, as a Jewess, I was barred from practising in the Vienna courts.

But my husband still had his job. Then he, too, was dismissed.

His employer, a Nazi, had tried to shield him because of his expert knowledge, but the Nazi Party ordered that he must be sacked, and there was no way of getting round that.

Once my husband's employer gave him a gold cigarette case inscribed, "A testimony to good service." So he couldn't have been such a bad Jew.

It is strange that the cigarette case, the gift of a Nazi, should have been the only possession of any value we were able to take with us from Austria.

I hid it in my clothes, and we will never part with it, although to do so would mean a little extra money.

Before our orders came to get out, my husband and I suffered all sorts of indignities.

He was jeered at in the streets and told that he would soon be behind bars. Storm Troopers would accost me and make all kinds of horrible threats.

We lived in terror of visits from the secret police.

At last we were dragged before a Nazi official. We were told to leave Austria at once.

He was not interested in where we went; whether we starved or managed to live. His only concern was that we crossed the frontier.

AGAIN, because of our great-aunt, the only relative we have outside Austria, my husband and I were able to join my brother in England.

But my great-aunt's income is only £2 a week, out of which she pays rent for part of the old house in Stoke Newington, where we live.

On what is left, and the eighteen shillings a week I earn by scrubbing, the four of us manage to live somehow.

Of course, we, too, lost all our savings, had every stick of furniture we possessed sold by auction and the proceeds confiscated for the Nazi Party funds.

My chief worry now is whether my husband will be permitted to remain in England and find work. He is learning English at night school in the hope that Jewish friends will find him something to do as a salesman or agent.

My brother's permit is good for six months. After that, heaven alone knows what will happen, or whether he will ever be reunited with his wife.

He lives in hope of finding refuge in some country abroad where he

will be allowed to practise as a doctor.

As for my father and mother, their plight seems beyond all help. We know they are penniless, almost starving.

But what can we do? Except think of them as living dead, and mourn.

But please do not think that because I, a barrister, have had to become a charwoman, that I am grumbling.

My brother and husband and I feel that we are lucky to be allowed the sanctuary of England, to be free and safe when so many of our friends, not only Jews, but men and women whose only crime was that they were not Nazis, are wandering from country to country, human pariahs to whom no one will give shelter or succour.

You find them all over Europe. A friend of mine has just fled from Czechoslovakia.

His letter tells me of frontier roads jammed with men, women and children, trundling their belongings on handcarts; of bands of children who have become like wolves and raid fields and farms for food; of starving mothers whom he has seen delivered of babies in barns and ditches.

LIVES that were once as happy as mine have become nightmares of horror and hardship.

I have seen so much of it, so many families sent to die in the gutter.

One of our oldest friends was a jeweller in Vienna, whose business was placed in charge of a young Nazi official. The Nazi spent his time in an armchair with his feet on a showcase, reading.

When any customer came in, he would fix such ridiculous prices that a sale was impossible.

At last the jeweller was told that his business was useless. His stock was sold by auction, and he and his family were driven out of the country—destitute.

Another man we knew was kicked over the frontier, leaving his wife and family behind.

Then, at two o'clock one morning, she was dragged from her bedroom, beaten, and turned into the street with her children.

The owner of a textile factory worth at least £50,000 was flung on to a train with only a suitcase. He was told he should travel on a cattle train—with pigs.

Another tragic case was that of the owner of a shoe shop.

He was reputed to be the finest shoe designer and maker in Vienna. As well as the shop, he had a small factory.

Without any charge being made against him, he was arrested and his business handed over to a Nazi. His wife and daughter were forced to serve behind the counter in the shop.

The trade dwindled away to almost nothing, so the Nazis released



him from prison and put him in to manage the shop under the supervision of two uniformed officials and a book-keeper.

It was only a trick to ruin him completely. He was told that he was extorting money from the public because of the prices he asked, and the business would therefore be appropriated.

As usual, his home was sold up, too.

He and his wife and daughter were visited by the secret police.

"We don't want your kind in Austria any longer," he was told. "Get out while we permit you to remain alive!"

All this family were allowed to take were a few old clothes and the equivalent of £4 10s.

Like my husband, brother and I, they were fortunate enough to reach London. Except for charity, they would starve.

But there is one gleam of hope on their dark horizon. Because of his exceptional skill, the man may

All the pathos of the refugee is seen in the sad face of this exiled mother as she waits at a station to go . . . Whither?

get work, and be able to build up a new career.

And so it goes on every minute of the day and night, tyranny and vengeance.

You have read in the newspapers how they have burned synagogues and Jewish shops throughout Germany and Austria because of the murder of the Nazi envoy, Herr vom Rath, in Paris, by a young Polish Jew.

You have read how in Vienna all Jews under sixty, barring women and the sick, have been hurled into jail by the secret police.

Pagan Rome was scarcely more ruthless.

Is there no mercy in the world today? For that is all we ask—just mercy.

ONE MILLION HOUNDED SOULS

EVERY day the vast army of refugees is growing.

To-day there are more than a million men, women and children wandering along the "No-Man's Land" of Europe's frontiers vainly seeking some place where they can live in peace.

Before the end of the year these outcasts may number 2,000,000, for the exodus from Czechoslovakia has only just begun, and already the grim jest is being made that new Czech-German frontiers will be easily defined—by the bones of the refugee dead.

Yes, the refugees are even denied burial. They are left as they fall and die.

Yet they have committed no greater crime than to hold different opinions, different beliefs to the new rulers of their countries.

They belong to every race, creed and school of thought. They have been driven from their homes to suffer and starve.

Because they are Christians; because they are Jews; because they are Socialists; because they are Conservatives; because they are Catholics; because they are Protestants.

It all depends where they come from.

Recently a striking cartoon was published in a newspaper. It depicted a refugee standing before a line of doors labelled, "Business," "Professions," "Manual Labour" and "Suicide."

Peace Plan

Only the door labelled "Suicide" was open. The rest were barred.

Too many exiled men and women have passed through that door already. They have been brilliant doctors, lawyers, writers, financiers.

By their deaths, humanity has suffered grave losses.

Must those losses be added to by new tragedies? They will unless the world really awakes to the plight of the refugees.

So far Britain has given sanctuary to 20,000 of these unfortunates. France, America and South America have offered shelter to a few thousand more.

But such gestures, fine though they may be, are only nibbling at the problem.

The Dictators are asking for the understanding and friendship of the Democracies.

It is the duty of our statesmen to tell them that there will never be real friendship or true understanding in our hearts for Governments whose persecuted citizens are standing on our doorsteps.

The refugees must not be forgotten in any peace plan that is made.

It is ridiculous to go on pretending that the internal policy

of a foreign country is no concern of ours when that policy throws its citizens in their thousands upon our generosity and upon our labour markets.

What is the solution?

Conferences of the democratic nations have been held to debate that question, and have adjourned without a programme. Other conferences are being arranged. What will be the outcome of their deliberations.

JOHN BULL, after long consultation with those in close touch with refugee relief, has its own suggestions to make.

First, among the undeveloped spaces that dot the map of the world, a land should be found for the new Lost Tribes of Europe.

Save Them

It should be secured under a mandate of the League of Nations, organised and administered through the machinery of the League.

If this does not find favour, then we offer an alternative—the gradual dispersing of the refugees—arranged and controlled through the co-operation of Governments—in all those democratic countries willing to receive their quota.

America has already made a real contribution to such a scheme. She offers to receive 20,000 refugee Austrians and Germans every year. This works out at one refugee to every twenty thousand of the population.

A quota on that basis is a very reasonable one, because one man in twenty thousand is not noticed, and cannot be said to upset the economic balance, or menace the standards of his neighbours.

If this quota were adopted by the British Empire, Britain and the Dominions would be called on to accept 10,000 refugees each year.

Five thousand in the British Isles, five thousand dispersed over Canada, South Africa, Australia and the Colonies.

Of course, here in England, we have already more than double that arbitrary quota, but they are a completely unestablished section of the refugee army.

Most of them are on short-stay permits, waiting to travel to some other country where they can settle.

Only a small minority has been absorbed.

Here, at least, are two practical schemes to save nearly 2,000,000 of our fellow creatures from the grim fate which so many have already suffered.

But they can only be hammered into realities by international co-operation.

And Britain must take the lead.

"C.I.D."

MORE than £150,000 a year is spent in Britain on scientific crime investigation.

Yet for years and years we lagged behind most other countries.

It is not so very long ago that Scotland Yard's only instrument for examining a forged document was a cheap magnifying glass, such as might be used for map reading.

But now the lee-way has been made up. Our police laboratories are better equipped than those of any other country.

Still, there is one thing which remains to be done. That is the establishment of a National Medico-Legal Institute as a branch of the Faculty of Medicine at London University.

This Institute was recommended to the Home Secretary by a committee appointed to advise on the "scientific investigation of crime."

Lord Trenchard, former Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, was chairman of the committee, and among the members were Lord Dawson of Penn, the King's physician, and Sir Bernard Spilsbury, the famous pathologist.

BUT, as yet, nothing has been done to carry out the recommendation. The report remains just an interesting document which has been filed away and forgotten.

Money is the difficulty. The Government will not set aside the necessary funds.

So until some bountiful millionaire comes along, a National Institute for crime research must remain a dream, and its work be carried out by the police laboratories in London, Birmingham, Nottingham, Cardiff, Wakefield, Preston, Glasgow and Edinburgh.

Now let's take a look at a few personalities—the men who are directing the nation's war on crime from the most



Sir Philip Game, Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, carries on the great tradition of New Scotland Yard, home of the world's finest detectives

famous of all police headquarters, New Scotland Yard.

Detective No. 1 is not a policeman but a barrister—Sir Norman Kendal, Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police—who is in charge of the C.I.D. and Special Political Branch.

Long headed, clean shaven, grey haired, and of slim, athletic build, he has rather a high-pitched "whisper" voice and a mild manner.

Even when annoyed he remains outwardly composed, save for a flush of colour on his cheek-bones and a tendency to be cuttingly sarcastic.

HE is a desk man—hardly ever going out from the "Yard"—but he knows, through the conferences he holds with his Superintendents and Chief Inspectors, exactly what each of the 600 detectives under him are doing.

The room he occupies at New Scotland Yard, which overlooks the Thames Embankment, is unpretentious and quite unlike the lavish apartments of Continental crime chiefs.

The furniture is of the drab, old-fashioned style favoured by Government departments. The iron fireplace is of the Victorian era, and near it is a notice urging economy in the use of coal.

Crowding the desk, behind which Sir Norman Kendal sits, are scores of files containing reports of major crimes in London, information about suspects, and dossiers on world-wide enquiries.

One of Sir Norman's mannerisms is to shuffle these files when engaged in conversation. He will pick one up, move it to a different place, and then tidy and pat the papers in another.

He gives big decisions to subordinates in just the same tone that a business man would use in saying to his secretary, "Take down this letter."

A BOMB explosion in the gateway of the Yard would find Detective No. 1 saying, in the same smooth manner, "I want a report about that unusual noise—at once, please!"

Scientific chief of the Metropolitan Police is sandy-haired, Anglo-Scottish Dr. James Davidson, who presides over the laboratory, which adjoins the Police College at Hendon.

Before he came to London, Dr. Davidson worked with the police in Scotland

to secure the conviction of several murderers and notorious criminals.

Under his rule, the Hendon laboratory has proved of immense value not only to the Metropolitan but also to the provincial police forces.

On an average, more than eighty "samples" a month are received by Dr. Davidson for expert examination. Most of them relate to murders or crimes of a dangerous kind—burglaries, safe robberies, highway attacks, and the like.

Some of the discoveries which have been made savour of wizardry to the lay mind.

For example, if a garment is sent to Hendon, it is possible to deduce with fair accuracy the occupation and habits of the wearer.

The garment is placed in a special flexible container, and thoroughly beaten. The particles of dust and other materials dislodged are analyzed, and a report something like this is made:—

WEARER was a joiner by trade.

From the nature of the wood fibre found, he was probably employed in a High Wycombe chair factory. He commonly smokes cigarettes of — brand. He owns, or has recently been in contact with, a bull terrier. He is approximately 5 ft. 6 in. in height, of florid complexion, and with moustache and hair beginning to turn grey.

All this information from an analysis of dust particles and a microscopic examination of an old jacket!

From even a small part of human remains, the laboratory experts can reconstruct an uncanny description of a dead man or woman.

They can find bloodstains on an article of clothing or a weapon, even though both of the articles may have been carefully washed.

For a washed bloodstain leaves behind a brown outline which, although invisible to the human eye, stands out sharp and bold under the microscope.

Writing in ink or black lead on paper which has been burned can also be easily read; in fact, it can be reproduced so clearly that it can be used for identification.

The only writing on paper ash which police scientists confess they cannot read or reproduce is that in red pencil. But, they are confident they will solve this problem soon

Stanley Bishop

begins on this page a fascinating new series which will take you behind the scenes of the world's police headquarters

No. 1. "The Yard"

As for forgeries, they are rather in the nature of play-time problems for the Hendon chemists. There is no forgery which their ultra-violet ray apparatus will not reveal.

All the information gathered from the researches of the police scientists is simplified and passed on to detective officers attending refresher courses at the laboratories.

The idea is that the man who tackles a crime "on the spot" shall have the advantage of scientific knowledge as well as his policeman's experience.

There is a collection of exhibits from which detectives can learn the nature of bullet and knife wounds; diagrams of blood splashes; motor-tyre markings and elaborate reproductions of footprints.

AS a result, the senior London detective makes preliminary investigation of a crime from an entirely modern and semi-scientific angle.

He does not have to wait for the experts before he draws his own conclusions of exactly what has happened. He uses the experts to confirm and supplement his findings.

The laboratory and the lectures have taught him to read a crime mystery in all its aspects at the first glance.

The lecturer-detective who has passed

Continued on page 26

As with an apple so with a tooth-paste



The Bite Test will tell you . . .

The only sure way to test the quality of an apple is to bite it. And the Bite Test is the only way to make sure that a tooth-paste is safe. Grind a little of your present paste between your front teeth. If there is the least trace of grittiness, beware. Gritty tooth-pastes help to wear away the 1/1000th of an inch of enamel which is all that protects your teeth from decay at the gum-line. Don't take this risk. Change to—Odol. Dentists recommend this delicious paste because it is such a safe way to pearly teeth. Get a 6d. or 1/- tube of Odol to-day, or send 1d. postcard for free sample to Odol (Dept. J.B.1), Norwich.



Let's see your
Odol
Smile!

Odol can be obtained as Tooth-paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouth-wash & Odol Denture Powder.

IT'S MORE THAN A

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Drydex
by Exide

GAS LIGHTER

"Just press the button"

5/-

Battery lasts over a year. Drydex battery for renewal, only 1/6

From all good dealers & Exide Service Stations. The Chloride Electrical Storage Co. Ltd. (Exide & Drydex Batteries), Clifton Junction, nr. Manchester. Also at London, Manchester, Birmingham, Bristol, Glasgow, and Belfast.

NATURE says 'CHEW'

*to guard
your teeth
and your
health*



Guard your teeth and you guard your health. Brushing them, however, is not enough—you must chew properly. Wrigley's is what you need. It not only exercises your gums and cleans food particles quickly from your teeth, but by increasing the flow of saliva helps digestion too. Try P.K. or Spearmint today as an aid to complete fitness.

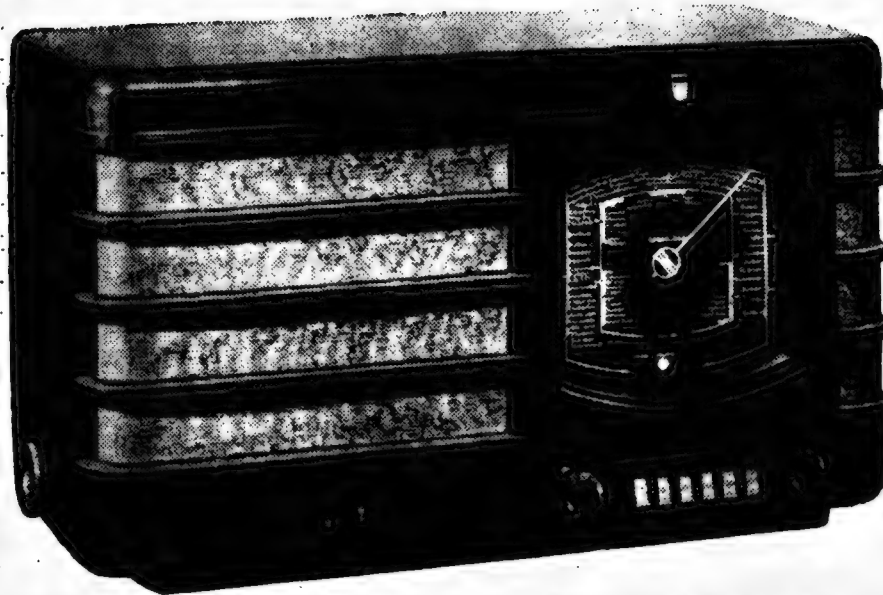
TWO DELICIOUS
& REFRESHING
FLAVOURS



CHEW REGULARLY

WRIGLEY'S R.S.J.

it's the **QUALITY**
behind the buttons
that matters most...



TYPE 555A
4 valve all-wave super-het for A.C. **10½ GNS.**
mains — Type 555U or H.P. Terms
for A.C./D.C. mains — 11½ gns.

QUALITY—in performance, in tone and in appearance—is the predominant characteristic of the new Philips 555 receiver.

It is an all-wave set with exceptional range and selectivity, bringing in a wide choice of stations on the medium and long wavebands with dead sharp separation and freedom from whistles and interference. On short waves its high sensitivity gives clear, enjoyable reception from America and many other far-distant countries.

Of course, model 555 incorporates Philips unique system of Press-Button Tuning, which gives you your stations with 'dead-centre accuracy at the touch of a Button.'

There is no other receiver that can give you ALL these outstanding features for only 10½ guineas. Go to your Philips dealer and try one to-day.

PHILIPS PRESS-BUTTON TUNING

... Does not lower or interfere with the high quality performance of the receiver.

... Enables you to change the press buttons yourself easily and quickly to any group of stations.

It's time you changed to

PHILIPS

'New Listening'



COUPON To: Philips Lamps Limited (Dept. BW89), 145, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2. Please send me full particulars of Philips "New Listening" models.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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Flavour equal to the FINEST BEEF EXTRACT

SUPER BETOX
the best of the lot,
you spread it cold
or drink it hot

A Delicious Beverage
and Tasty Sandwich-Spread
3 oz. Jar 6d ... 8 oz. 1/2d ... 1 lb. 2/2d
From all Grocers — Ask for SUPER BETOX.

HUGE VALUE

3oz.

6^d

Phillips TONIC YEAST

PHILLIPS YEAST
to health the key,
ask your Chemist,
He'll agree!

A Splendid Tonic and Natural Remedy for INDIGESTION, NERVES and NEURITIS Purifies the Blood and clears the Skin. All Chemists 1/3 & 3/- Always say PHILLIPS

... contains No Drug ...
RICH in VITAMIN-B

HOW WOULD YOU SPEND £2.15.0 A WEEK?



Rowntree's Cocoa at supper helps the Blisses to enjoy their food more and get more nourishment from it.

MRS. BLISS OF LEICESTER SPENDS HER WEEKLY BUDGET LIKE THIS:—

She always buys Rowntree's Cocoa because it aids digestion — makes food go further

MRS. BLISS' WEEKLY BUDGET

	£ s. d.
Rent	10 4
Coal & Gas	1 3
Clothes & Cuts	9 6
Insurance	1 3
Newspapers	8
Cinema	1 6
Savings	1 0
Husband's Expenses	4 6
Food	1 3 0
Total	21 5 0

"MY husband's a warehouseman and that gives him a hearty appetite — and our two kiddies are good eaters, too," says

Mrs. Bliss of Leicester. "So feeding the lot of us on 25/- a week, which is all we can allow for food, takes a bit of doing.

"That's why we, and families like us, drink Rowntree's Cocoa at meals. You can notice how much more satisfied and better fed you feel after a meal when you've had Rowntree's Cocoa with it.

"I've read somewhere that this is because Rowntree's Cocoa helps you to digest your food. Obviously that's important, because it stands to reason that you can't get the full nourishment from what you eat unless you digest it properly.

"Yes, when I look at my kiddies and see how sturdy they are I often feel grateful to Rowntree's Cocoa!"

Rowntree's Cocoa is made by a special "pre-digestive" process, so that it is not only more digestible and nourishing itself — it actually helps people (especially children) to digest all their other food more quickly and with less effort. Meals that are digested in this way naturally give more nourishment — help children to put on extra bone, muscle and tissue.

Do You Know This Medical Fact?

If you have a drink with your supper, it's worth remembering this important medical fact. You can't get a good night's rest unless your supper digests easily. Switch to Rowntree's Cocoa — it is pre-digested. Rowntree's helps you to digest your supper better, prevents digestive troubles from disturbing your night.

FREE GIFTS!

Hundreds of valuable free gifts are offered in exchange for Rowntree's Cocoa coupons. Free Gift Coupons in every tin. Send postcard (postage id.) to Dept. CB74, Rowntree & Co. Ltd., The Cocoa Works, York, for Free Gift Booklet, containing Free Voucher, value three coupons.



ROWNTREE'S COCOA AID DIGESTION

Continuing

"C.I.D."

on so much of this learning to his colleagues and to officers from other forces is Superintendent H. Young, recently transferred from Hendon to the wider scope of general duties.

Young has always been regarded as one of the finest practical detective officers in the country, and he is destined for a big job one day.

He was connected with the solving of the Southampton garage murder, which is still quoted at Hendon as a classic example of modern detective methods.

The conviction of Podmore, who killed his employer, William Messiter, was largely due to the scientific examination of documents and carbon papers.

A series of photographs taken from different angles revealed, after scores of failures, the impressions on a carbon sheet.

They were little more than "dents" and were more or less obliterated by masses of over-writing, but from them scientists were able to prove that Podmore had been defrauding his employer, and that his swindling had been discovered. A clear motive for the murder.

Another "exhibit" case used for the purpose of tuition is the Charing Cross Station trunk mystery.

Here the murderer was traced through a public-house duster, bearing the name "Greyhound" and a blood-stained match-stick, the finding of which located the office where the victim was killed and afterwards packed in the trunk.

But the murder which, above all others, emphasises the importance of the scientist in co-operation with the trained detective was the crime for which Dr. Buck Ruxton was sentenced at Lancaster Assizes.

The remains of two bodies were found scattered along a roadside stream near Moffat, Scotland.

MURDER, but of whom?

It was an impossible riddle for the police to tackle without the help of scientists and medical specialists.

Glasgow and Edinburgh combined resources on the case, and as a result a complete description of two women was constructed.

And it was so accurate that it was

not long before relatives recognised the victims as Mrs. Ruxton and her maid, both of whom were missing.

Yet the doctors had nothing but fragmentary remains, terribly mutilated, on which to build their reconstruction.

In every police laboratory and college throughout the world the case of Dr. Ruxton is drilled into young scientists and detectives as an example of what can be done.

Always "standing by" in Scotland Yard are six chief detective inspectors, who form the scientific "murder squad" of England and Wales.

A provincial police chief asks Scotland Yard to help in solving a murder mystery or what appears to be a murder mystery. One of the chief inspectors is sent off.

HE takes with him what is called the "murder bag," a heavy pigskin suitcase, which is a kind of portable laboratory and finger-print outfit.

There are medical stores and instruments; a surgeon's mask; rubber gloves; a powerful magnifying glass; stationery; chemical powder for preserving finger prints on articles which cannot be removed and despatched for photographing; apparatus for taking finger-print impressions from a body or a suspect, and for taking impressions of the pores of the skin.

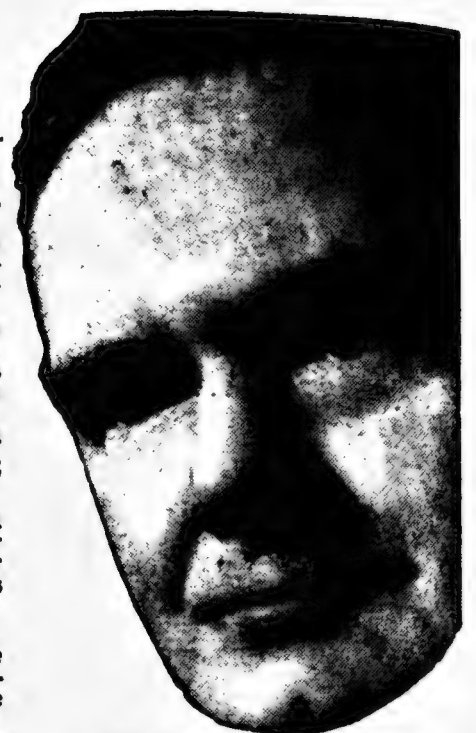
The last is regarded as being very important these days.

Each bag costs nearly £100. One of them has been of great service to Chief Detective Inspector Hetherill, who is at present helping the Cornish police in the Perranporth mystery.

Chief-Inspector Hetherill did everything he possibly could with his "murder bag" on the scene of the crime, but his enquiries were necessarily restricted until the scientists had made their complete examination, and gave their reconstruction of what the dead woman was like; her class; her character; and probable mode of life.

Outside London the chief police laboratories are working on a scheme of scientific crime investigation recently approved by the Home Office.

Each of the laboratories will be directly



NEXT WEEK: Stanley Bishop will describe the crime fighters of France

responsible to the Home Office, will serve a particular area, and will specialise in one subject in addition to carrying on routine researches.

Thus the laboratory at Preston is to specialise in blood stain tests and poisons; Cardiff is to deal with documents and writings; Birmingham with pathology; and Nottingham on dusts, fibres, grasses and soils.

Already Nottingham has a unique collection of specimen commercial dusts and fabric fibres, and can recognise the seed of every kind of grass which grows in the Midlands.

WALK into the Nottingham laboratory and, after a very casual examination, an expert would be able to tell you where you had been walking, or what class of factory or shop you had visited.

Even some of the smaller English police forces, such as Stoke-on-Trent and Chesterfield, without coming immediately under the Home Office chain laboratory scheme, have established their own scientific branches, and are unpretentiously training detectives to review crime along the new lines.

But when it comes down to rock bottom it is experience which counts most in catching the criminal.

The scientist can only assist in providing evidence of a technical nature, and in eliminating suspects. He cannot catch the wanted man or woman. His prime value comes in after the capture.

Remember also in any comparison which these articles may make of crime investigation in England and abroad that the British detective is under rigid rules in his approach to the suspect and to witnesses.

He has not the freedom of his American or Continental colleague. He may not do this or that.

For, you see, Britain is the only country in which the suspected criminal must be treated with absolute fairness.

Not from the B.B.C.

Oh, Those Thrillers!

O England, in your hours of ease,
Why will you, as a nation,
To vicious practices resort,
Which but confirm the sad report
Of your degeneration?

New vices rear their ugly heads,
As witness your addiction
To crossword puzzles! And, alas!
Degenerates of every class
Absorb detective fiction!



SMALL wonder that Lord Samuel has been moved to warn us: "Crosswords and detective fiction are taking the place of drunkenness as a national vice."

Here, then, is an untitled field for reformers awaiting their ploughing and harrowing of our feelings.

But that it has been left to Lord Samuel to detect these dangers suggests that Mrs. Grundy, Chadband, Stiggins, and Co. have been loafing on their job.

Where, we should like to know, do these flies in life's ointment go to in the winter time? Do they think that because the mixed bathing season is over there are no more whirls of dissipation for them to conquer?

Unfortunately, the police have been too busy rounding up Oxford accents for use at Hendon, and throwing cordons round unauthorised parking joints to cope with these new evils; but the public conscience demands that action be taken.

The licensing and supervision of all persons engaged in the manufacture or sale of thrillers, and restrictions on the hours during which crosswords may be consumed are two much-needed reforms.

In the old days men went to gin palaces to get drunk, but the new drunkenness comes right into the home.

Detective stories are left lying about uncorked, and children have become all too familiar with the sagging mouth and glazed eye which proclaim that father is under the influence of a crossword puzzle.

Y. Z.

TWO TO TRY

In the fine range of Sandeman Port Wines there's one to suit your palate and purse. Here are two to try:—

THREE STAR
per 6/- bottle.

PICADOR
per 7/6 bottle.

Both are excellent wines and exceptional value for money.

Other Wines from 5/-

SANDEMAN PORT

STORK makes your
Christmas cooking
a sure success!



STORK is your good fairy at Christmas time all right—it's the main ingredient for a merry Yuletide! The whole family will have a happier, more festive Christmas when you use Stork! For Stork in the mixing bowl makes cooking a joy—the Stork recipes are so wonderfully easy to follow! The family will be thrilled with your results—your mince pies, your Christmas pudding and your Christmas cake will be the lightest and richest flavoured you've ever made! Then, too, Stork is so wonderfully nourishing because it contains Vitamins A and D. You'll be making sure of everybody's MERRY CHRISTMAS when you use STORK!

CHRISTMAS CAKE

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 lb. Stork Margarine | 1 lb. sweet cooking almonds |
| 8 eggs | 11 oz. plain flour |
| 1 lb. stoned raisins | 1 lb. mixed peel |
| Grated rind of 1 lemon | 1 lb. currants |
| 1 lb. sultanas | 6 oz. cherries |
| 1 teaspoonful grated nutmeg | 1 teaspoonful ground cinnamon |
| 1 lb. castor sugar | Pinch of salt |

Prepare tin first by lining it with greaseproof paper well brushed with melted Stork, then clean and prepare the fruit, chop the peel, and cut the cherries in quarters. Blanch and slice the almonds. Mix all the fruit together with the spices and grated lemon rind, and put aside. Sift the flour and salt together. Cream the Stork and the castor sugar together, and beat well until the mixture is white and frothy. Add the eggs one at a time, and beat them in. Then add a quarter of the flour and beat well; then a quarter of the fruit. Continue until all the flour and fruit have been added, and beat until the fruit is well mixed in. Pour into the tin, smooth the top with a knife, and bake in a fairly warm oven (Regulo Mark 4) for 1½ hours; then reduce to a very low heat and bake for another 3-4 hours (Regulo Mark 1).

Keep for at least a week before icing. Then spread a thick layer of almond icing on top of the cake and cover the top of that with white icing. Decorate with coloured sweets and fruit, and tie a paper cake-frill round the sides with a coloured ribbon.

ALMOND PASTE

- | |
|------------------------------------|
| 1 lb. ground almonds |
| 2 eggs (small) |
| 1 teaspoonful vanilla |
| 1 lb. icing and 1 lb. castor sugar |
| 2-3 drops almond essence |
| 1 teaspoonful lemon juice |

Mix almonds and sugar together. Add lemon juice, essence and eggs. Knead until smooth. Wrap in greaseproof paper if not used at once.

WHITE ICING

- | |
|---------------------------------------|
| 1 lb. icing sugar |
| A little warm milk |
| 2 teaspoonfuls lemon juice |
| 1 dessertspoonful orange flower water |

Mix milk and orange flower water and lemon juice together, and make icing as thick as thick cream. A little more milk may be required. The quantity varies with the quality of the sugar.

For further recipes write for free copy of "The Complete Guide to Home Cooking," which contains Regulo Marks for all baked dishes, to The Stork Company, Dept. Y.16, Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4.

STORK MARGARINE

Gift coupon with every pound

28 275-71-65



MOTHER FELT BETTER IN ONE MINUTE



Wincarnis'

THE
'NO-WAITING' TONIC

URGENT! Weak and Worried Women can regain JOYOUS HEALTH and Attractiveness—this amazing NO-WAITING way.

Why WAIT to feel well?
ACT NOW!

THE quicker you feel better, the quicker you get better



Doctors now tell you WHY Wincarnis succeeds when ordinary medicine fails... because it makes you feel confident of recovery in ONE MINUTE!

Wincarnis strengthens your blood the same minute that you drink a glassful. No long, weary weeks of hopeless waiting to feel better! You feel fitter AT ONCE—and that's half the battle!

Why has Wincarnis, the 'NO-WAITING' TONIC, over 20,000 recommendations from Medical Men? Because doctors know that it steadily rebuilds your body-cells—does not lower you, like pain-killing drugs. They know that Wincarnis pumps 2 kinds of Vitamins essential to life into your blood; that its rich extracts actually become MORE EFFECTIVE because they are blended in Wine! Get Wincarnis—and get better—NOW!

Nerves, Sleeplessness Go.

"I must write and tell you, I was waiting away to a shadow, and my nerves were in bits. I couldn't eat or sleep for worrying. I had a holiday and special medicine without doing any good. Then a doctor told me to get Wincarnis. I felt better at once, for the first time in 3 years! Presently my strength came back, my old high spirits and fun too, and now I look years younger, can play tennis all day and dance all night, without feeling it."

ROOT OUT the hidden worries that kill happiness and health in YOUR life! Advice worth five guineas from a famous part-time psychologist, or Mind-Doctor—ABSOLUTELY FREE TO YOU in this astonishing booklet, "The NINE FEARS that most people suffer from." This Free-Booklet sent FREE with every bottle; but you must send this coupon NOW; supplies are limited.

Post in unsealed envelope with 1d. stamp to Wincarnis, Dept. 42, Norwich.

Name.....
Address.....
Age.....

Consult a psychologist

FREE!

Cut out this coupon NOW!



Short Story

"It's a rotten business altogether, and I'm sick to death of it."
Albert's voice was no longer discreet. It rang out loud and clear.

That Homely Touch

by Leslie Beresford

HIS natural honesty made Albert Porteous feel very much like a snake in the grass. He was obliged to dissemble, however, as he bade farewell to his landlady, Mrs. Merry, to say nothing of her daughter Mabel.

"Now be sure and get home as early as you can, Albert!" urged Mrs. Merry, embracing him in a motherly way.

"Yes, don't be late, Bert!" cried Mabel. "Uncle James and Aunt Sarah

and the rest will be here, waiting to celebrate and wish you and me all the best. So promise you'll hurry back, dear, won't you?"

Here her mother, always strictly the business-woman, added another embarrassing reminder:

"Also, don't forget, Albert, to do as I advised about getting your firm to behave properly towards you. As I've said, seeing the number of years you've been with them, slaving like a nigger, the least they can do—knowing you're engaged—is to make you a wedding present of your furniture, that being their line of business."

"You just give them the hint, Albert. After all, it would cost them next to nothing, I'm sure."

It would have cost Albert Porteous more than he liked to think about, however, though he avoided saying so.

Hence that snake-in-the-grass feeling he took with him to business this morning. How often in the last fortnight had he counted up that cost—the loss of his most cherished possession up to this his thirty-fourth year, his freedom as a bachelor!

He had never intended becoming engaged to Mabel, nice girl though she was. He was still very vague as to how it had come about.

Something he must have said or done on that fatal night a fortnight ago when he had returned from his firm's annual dinner in a gayish mood.

Anyhow, when morning came, he was engaged. And he was told that such a happy outcome had been expected, for he had lodged with the Merrys for more than four years, and was looked upon as one of the family.

Besides, Mrs. Merry insisted, it was surely high time that a man of his age and secure position, all mixed up with home-making as well, did settle down to a sober married life.

It was in desperate mood that the unhappy Albert, having parted from Mabel and her mother with the kiss of Judas, contemplated the only way he knew of escaping their snare.

The warmed and brilliantly lit show-rooms of Happy Firesides, Ltd., the famous "Happy Firesides Hire-Purchase

System" firm of standing and repute, presented their usual attractive appearance this morning.

As senior salesman, he could not possibly count the number of newly-weds whom he had helped and advised in setting up their love-nests.

Nor could he count the cases in which something had gone wrong with those newly-weds, causing the love-nests to be broken up and all the nice furniture to be returned.

That, as much as anything else, had long confirmed his resolve to stick to single-blessedness.

To-day he was met by just such a case. The manager, Mr. Blundelcombe, tackled him about it soon after he arrived.

"Name of Angel," said Mr. Blundelcombe. "One of your last year's clients, Porteous."

His pompous manner set every one of Albert's tortured nerves on edge, but he asked quietly: "Why, what's happened, sir? I remember Mrs. Angel well—a pretty, fair girl, she was. Very nice and respectable and a real pleasure to serve."

"Domestic crash," rolled the rich voice of Mr. Blundelcombe.

"Husband carrying on with another woman. Tragic, my dear Porteous, but business is business. Heart and pocket are poles apart. Instalments must be kept up. If not—however regretfully—the goods are collected."

That was beyond argument. As Albert well knew, the firm adopted very generous lines in these instances, having a strong sense of humanity.

But Mrs. Angel's misfortune happened to fit his mood and serve that purpose, of which Mr. Blundelcombe knew nothing.

"It's a beastly business altogether, and I'm sick to death of it!" Albert's voice was no longer the discreet murmur of the showroom. It rang out loud and clear.

Mr. Blundelcombe's jaw dropped. Then a flush began to spread over his cheeks.

"Who—when—what on earth do you mean, Porteous, shouting at me in this way?"

"Because I think it ought to be shouted from the house-tops," roared

Albert. "This home-making bilge is getting me down. People who oughtn't to get married at all coming along, mortgaging their immortal souls for bits and pieces of rotten furniture—"

"What! What!" gasped Mr. Blundelcombe, staring till he almost squinted. "Are you actually decrying the quality of what we sell? It's a libel—"

"It would be if I meant it that way. It's beautiful stuff, and there's no better on the market. The quality doesn't matter—"

"Oh, doesn't it?" Glancing round with horrified eyes, fearful lest this disturbance should attract attention of clients talking to other salesmen, Mr. Blundelcombe dragged Albert into the private office and closed the door.

"Tell me, Porteous. . . . Are you ill,

(Continued on page 30)



Banish shiny nose forever!

Never be troubled by shiny nose again. Use Snowfire Powder - Cream and always have a matt-finished skin that never loses its fresh loveliness even when you're in hot rooms or in strong winds out of doors. This fine powder-cream can't clog pores and there are five flattering shades — Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle or Ivory to suit your skin colouring.

Never have a shiny nose—use

**Snowfire
POWDER-CREAM**



MODERN MOTHERS



SAFEGUARD
YOUR HEALTH

SPENCER MATERNITY BELT

Thousands of women have maintained their health and strength during the critical maternity period by wearing a Spencer Maternity Belt individually designed for the wearer to relieve back strain, headache and nausea and to give complete comfort and support.

The Spencer Maternity Bandeau gives uplift and support and prevents sagging both before and after maternity.

Spencer supports are recommended by over 30,000 Doctors throughout the world.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., 44, Brickman Road, Banbury, Oxon, for Maternity Booklet, and for name of nearest local Corsetiers.

SPENCER

Individually designed Foundation
Garments and Surgical Supports
"We create a design especially for you."

Branch Offices and Salons:
LONDON: 4 & 5, Old Bond St., W.1. Tel.: Regent 6206
GLASGOW: 25, St. Vincent St., C.2. Central 3232
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LIVERPOOL: 19, Church St., 1. Royal 4021
BRISTOL: 44a, Queen's Rd., 8. Bristol 24804
EDINBURGH: 30a, George St., 2. Edinburgh 25493
MANCHESTER: 32a, King St., 2. Blackfriars 9075
LEEDS: 3, Bond St., 1. Leeds 26589

Laura's lucky shilling

I got it for a shilling. It doesn't look very wonderful at the moment, but just wait and see!



Now you can look! How's this for a first class shine? It wasn't so difficult either. You know Brasso is so quick.

Well, I call that a fine shillings-worth. It really looks most expensive. I never knew how attractive polished brass could be.



BRASSO

THE QUALITY METAL POLISH
BECKETT AND SONS, LONDON AND LONDON

Up to 20% extra light
for nothing—
thanks to the
Osram Coiled Coil filament!

OSRAM

THE WONDERFUL

MADE IN ENGLAND

Adm. of The General Electric Co. Ltd., Light House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

"YOU'RE THE GIRL I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR"



Romance comes to the girl
who guards against
COSMETIC SKIN

DON'T risk unattractive Cosmetic Skin! It is when powder and make-up are allowed to clog the pores that signs of this modern complexion trouble appear—dullness, tiny blemishes.

**Cosmetics harmless
if removed this way**

Always remove cosmetics thoroughly the Hollywood way. Lux Toilet Soap (the soap 9 out of 10 lovely screen stars use) has a rich, **PENETRATING** lather that gently carries away every trace of dust, dirt, stale powder and make-up from the pores.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—**ALWAYS** before you go to bed at night—use Lux Toilet Soap. Your skin will be lovely!



I USE COSMETICS, BUT THANKS
TO MY REGULAR LUX TOILET
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DO THIS Pull over some old cotton gloves or the 'night' gloves you can buy so cheaply.



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FALSE TEETH CLEANED LIKE NEW

"My plate was in a fearful state—slightly black. 'Steradent' took off every stain. It is marvellous."

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Fill the cap of the tin with 'Steradent' and pour the powder into a glass containing sufficient warm water to cover the dentures. Stir well. Leave your dentures in it while you dress or overnight. You take them out immaculately clean. Every stain disappears. Even the blackest tobacco stains of years' standing vanish completely after a few treatments. Left in 'Steradent' overnight, the natural colour is restored by morning.

"I consider 'Steradent' to be the best denture cleanser in existence," writes Mr. W. L.D.S., R.C.S., Ed., a leading dentist.

'Steradent' is harmless to dentures. Price 1/- Double size 1/5. At all chemists.

IMPORTANT: Be sure you get 'Steradent'. Dentists recommend it.

Steradent Ltd., Kingston Works, Hull.

Steradent
cleans and sterilizes false teeth

That Homely Touch

(continued from page 28)

or what has come over you?" and he pouted his chest like a pigeon.

"Wouldn't anyone be ill carrying on with this stupid business all these years, as I've been doing?" scoffed Albert, unperturbed, and laughed: "Happy Firesides? Stupid publicity dope! As if one could buy happiness with three-piece suits—"

Mr. Blundelcombe lost his temper.

"That's more than enough from you, Porteous! Long as you've served this firm, if that's how you talk about our business, you're asking for what—more in sorrow than in anger—I must tell you here and now. You're sacked."

* * *

Since this was just what Albert had wanted, he presently passed out from those warmed and brilliantly lit show-rooms with far more ease of mind than Mr. Blundelcombe suspected.

It was, Albert had decided, the only conceivable way of bringing his engagement with Mabel to an end, without it appearing to be his fault. That, of course, would never come out.

ALBERT had already prepared the ground by hinting to Mrs. Merry that Mr. Blundelcombe seemed to be getting very difficult.

She had given him the idea herself by emphasising the security of his position.

Once she found how mistaken she was on that point, and that Mr. Blundelcombe had sacked him, he would be the last man she would consider a safe husband for Mabel, and he would be free again. What was a job compared with liberty?

Of course, there would be an awkward scene this evening when he broke the news, with Uncle James and Aunt Sarah and the rest all gathered to make whoopee.

Albert rather dreaded that, but it had to be faced.

He was telling himself this when he noticed that little Mrs. Angel, whose tragedy had helped him to win happiness, had apparently left the building when he did.

She was standing on the pavement near by, tears in her eyes. He felt a wave of sympathy for her.

"Forgive me. . . ." He ventured to lay a hand on her arm. "I can see you're in trouble. I know why. You probably don't remember me, Mrs. Angel—"

"Oh, yes, I do," she nodded, and her voice was broken by sobs. "I remember you perfectly. You're the man at the furniture place there. You helped Dick and me to choose—"

"And I'm so sorry to hear what has happened. . . ." Albert sought to soothe her turbulent emotions, but she checked them herself.

"You mustn't think I care a rap about the furniture," she said, with a defiant little shrug. "That doesn't mean anything to me. Nothing does any more."

"Don't make yourself believe that," urged Albert. "Of course, I only know what Mr. Blundelcombe told me, which wasn't much."

"And it isn't really my business, excepting that I did help you choose your home. That way, if I may say so, I do feel a little as if—possibly I might still be helpful—"

"COULD you bring my Dickie back to me?" Her tone startled him by its bitterness, as did her eyes by their stark tragedy in the ghastly pallor of her small face. Again he laid a hand on her arm.

"You and your wretched furniture!" she said vindictively under her breath. "I wish I'd never seen any of you, never been married! I'm finished—don't care what happens to me."

But Albert, his hold on her violently jerked away, suddenly realised that he had to care, anyhow.

He followed her blind dash across the

Human Machine . .

THE world is full of people who have plenty of money, possessions in abundance, good health in full measure and friends in crowds.

Yet we're always reading of such people being bored—often to the point of suicide.

We're always hearing of such people behaving like lunatics in their hectic search for something they haven't got.

It is painfully obvious that none of these things by themselves can bring happiness, peace and contentment.

And us—ordinary people like us?

Well, we have theatres and cinemas, wireless and television, football matches, greyhound races and the speedway.

*

The world is full of things tempting us to spend our money in order to be entertained.

We ought to be the happiest race of human beings ever evolved! And yet we're not. Boredom, discontent and restlessness have not yet been banished from the earth!

Why? Just because so few of us are willing or able to entertain ourselves.

Just because so few of us have realised that only in ourselves are those endless resources which alone can produce contentment and happiness.

"The man that hath no music in himself," wrote Shakespeare, "is



fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

If he had written "resources" instead of "music," he would have been much nearer the mark.

For the lack of inner resources is one for which nothing else can compensate.

No one can ever be happy and contented who cannot bear his own company. No one can be really happy whose only idea of happiness is stimulation from outside himself.

No one can be at peace who must rely always on the efforts of others.

Within ourselves lies the key to contentment. You may search the world, but you won't find it anywhere else.

Perhaps the secret lies a little deeper still. The big difference between content and discontent is the difference between wondering how to spend one's time and how to use it.

There are twenty-four long hours in a day to the man who wonders how he can spend his time; to the other, there are only twenty-four hours in a day.

*

And these are two mental attitudes that are poles apart.

The moment when you've got nothing to do is the moment you're in danger of unhappiness. For, in that moment, you have ceased to rely on yourself.

You're the best friend you'll ever have—so cultivate yourself! Until you do, you'll never enjoy life.

road, right in the swirl of the traffic, got a fresh hold on her by sheerest accident, and with all his force sent her flying off at a tangent. . . .

* * *

They told him at the hospital that he had tried conclusions with a motor-bus and come off luckily. They told him, too, that he had thrown little Mrs. Angel clear, so that she escaped uninjured instead of killed.

He also discovered that, though she had admitted throwing herself deliberately into the traffic, her husband had come forward and was taking all the blame. She wasn't facing any serious trouble, and they were already reconciled.

But, although he was glad about that, Albert wasn't really concerned about their future.

HE was concerned about nothing save that his freedom was secure.

He tried to picture what must have happened when he had not returned home that evening to face Uncle James and Aunt Sarah and the rest.

And when the hospital sister told him that someone was waiting to see him, he foresaw the arrival of Mabel and her mother, who, of course, could not know yet that he had been fired.

At least, they couldn't badger and bully a sick man. In fact, it looked as if he were going to get out of the whole wretched business in a blaze of glory, and not hanging his head as he expected.

But it was not Mabel and her mother who entered the ward. It was Mr. Blundelcombe!

And he was beaming!

"Well, well, my dear Porteous, you're making good progress, I'm told!" He seated himself by Albert's bed and laid a paternal hand on his shoulder.

"Delighted to welcome you back to health, my good fellow! And—as I'm sure you'll guess—back to the old firm!"

"What's that?" Albert gasped, wriggling up to a sitting posture. "Welcome me back to the old firm, did you say?"

"Naturally. Your heroic conduct, saving that unfortunate little client of ours—"

"Heroic be hanged!" Albert interrupted, but was allowed to say no more just then.

"Your modesty, my dear Porteous!" Mr. Blundelcombe intervened. "However, the papers have been full of it, as you'll find. And a very good thing, too. That was how I discovered how sincere you were when you spoke to me that morning. I regretted at once having mistaken you, actually imagined you were—to be frank—a little off your head."

"Your brave act," he boomed on, "proved how wrong I was. It also brought me in touch with your landlady and her charming daughter Mabel. Why didn't you tell me, my dear fellow, that you were engaged to be married?"

"Tell you?" Albert choked in dismay, and was again prevented from saying any more.

"You should have done. I understand, in fact, you had meant to do so, only this other unfortunate matter intervened."

"To my mind, Porteous, that was just the one thing lacking in you as a salesman. You needed that, er—er—homely touch of the married man. . . ."

Mr. Blundelcombe coughed, smiled slyly, and then his voice rolled on like a tidal wave—a tidal wave that brushed Albert's protests aside, that snatched up his hard-won liberty and swept it away beyond his reach for ever.

"THE firm," said Mr. Blundelcombe, "will be only too happy—as we have informed your fiancée and her mother—to embark you properly on your new life."

"Not only are we going to increase your salary, but we are going to make you a wedding gift of the entire 'Happy Fireside' furnishings for your new home."

"Allow me to congratulate you again."

But when Mr. Blundelcombe took Albert's hand it was limp and his eyes were closed.

"There," said the nurse, "all this talking has excited him. I do believe he's had a relapse."

£2 a week when you retire OR £2 a week for your widow

That is what the Prudential "Heritage Endowment" plan enables you to secure.

You can start to draw the income at 60 or 65, making your choice now. When the time comes, you can have a lump sum payment, if you prefer it, instead of the income.

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The 1939 Berkeley Superlax Easy Chair has the patented automatic action which lets you change to any position—upright, resting or lounging—without having to leave or adjust the chair. It suits everyone—tall or short.

Three things make it possible for an Easy Chair of such magnificent quality and durability to be offered at this price—enormous output from the great Berkeley factories, constant improvement in our methods of production and direct selling to the public.

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GUARANTEE. We deliver soon after Receipt of First Payment with order, and if the value of any Berkeley Model does not come up to your expectations, you may return it within seven days AT OUR EXPENSE and we will refund your money in full. **FREE DELIVERY** in England, Wales and Scotland.

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or 72/- : — 5/- with order and balance 10/- monthly.

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SPECIFICATION: Best Birchwood Frame. Arms re-designed—rounded and thickly padded. New and "billowed" back, deeply sprung. Seat, rounded front and springs set deeper than before. Seat and arms ALL HAIR STUFFED. An attractive and exclusive range of durable Coverings, Back and Seat easily removable for cleaning. Strong concealed casters. The frame, hair padding, springs, etc., are all produced from the raw materials in our own factories, which is a positive guarantee of Comfort, Reliability, and Value.

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This is the Settee for the 3-piece Suite which is designed on precisely the same lines as the Berkeley Superlax Easy Chair. It is not self-adjusting, although back and seat can be removed for cleaning. Exceptionally comfortable for 2 persons.

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John Bull 19/11

● Mistaken loyalties can bring
heartbreak to the man or
woman who cherishes
the torch of

HONOUR!

FROM a young man comes one of the strangest stories I have heard for months.

He and his greatest friend courted two sisters and were looking forward to a double wedding. But his friend was suddenly stricken ill and died.

"When nearing his end, he called me to his bedside and told me that his girl was in trouble. He asked me to marry her in order to give the child a name."

"If I would promise to do this, he said, he would die in peace."

"Much against my judgment, I gave the promise."

"What can I do now? I gave my word in the presence of his sweetheart; yet, though we like each other very much, she does not love me nor do I love her."

"My own girl knows nothing of my pledge or of her sister's plight."

"Shall I break off from her to save her sister's name? Or shall I break my promise to a dying man?"

Well, I have thought about this

"Must I lose the girl I love to save her sister's name?"

pitiable problem from every point of view. And I am convinced that he ought not to keep that promise.

He should marry the girl he loves and who loves him. He cannot let her down. We all feel sentimental about death-bed promises. But we must remember that if the dying man had been in a normal state of mind he would never have asked such a thing of a friend.

Besides, the girl should not take advantage of the other man's chivalry.

She is in trouble, and one cannot help being sorry for her; but she ought not to ruin her sister's happiness to save her own reputation.

It is she who can solve the problem and prevent any feelings of remorse. It all hinges upon her.

The suggested marriage would make three people unhappy for a lifetime. Surely it can't be honourable to punish the innocent in order to save her good name?

Yes, "honour" is involved, and it's difficult to argue about honour because we may have acquired false values about it during schooldays.

One often hears of a teacher putting children "on their honour" not to speak while he is out of the room! This is nonsense! If the children voluntarily give their word not to speak, then honour is involved—but not otherwise.

A promise made to a dying man distracted with anxiety is hardly voluntary. It is almost impossible to refuse.

But real honour demands that three people's lives shall not be spoiled.

A DIFFERENT aspect of honour is raised by a letter from a married woman.

She tells me that her husband has been out of work for years and that debts are causing them continuous anxiety.

She has taken a part-time job to give her daughter, who has musical talents, a chance of being trained. Then note what happens:—

"At my work I met a man who offered to help my girl. He is in a position to help us all. I was very happy about everything, thinking we had found a true friend."

"Now, to my dismay, I find that he is interested not in my daughter's career but in me!"

"I have tried to puzzle this thing out—longing to help my husband, who has

always been goodness itself to me, and to give my little lass the chance I never had."

"Please tell me what to do. I cannot explain to anyone else, and I know I shall receive sound advice from you."

"Up to the present I have refused. Have I been wise?"

There are many who would not hesitate to take advantage of this woman's opportunity. But she cannot do it.

When she married, years ago, she gave a vow of faithfulness to her husband and—this is the point—she made it of her own free will. She is "honour bound."

It will be hard for her, but she must decline the proffered assistance, for neither her husband nor daughter would be willing to accept such advantages at their mother's expense.

NOW for a third letter involving a principle of honour.

"I was brought up in a very good home, but my mother had never taught me the facts of life, and I hardly knew wrong from right."

She goes on to tell how, at the age of sixteen, she was seduced by a friend of the family.

"Then I fell ill, never dreaming what was the matter with me. Mother sent for the doctor; he said I was going to have a baby. The shock nearly killed my parents."

I must interrupt to remark that the girl must have been tragically innocent. The story is hard to believe, yet it is true.

Mistakenly loyal, she would not say who was responsible for her condition. Nobody suspected the "friend" who still came regularly to the house.

"I told my parents I had met a strange man on my way home from school and that he assaulted me."

"Facing the awful shame alone, I suffered mental agony day and night."

"Then I was told the man was going to get married. My parents wished to give him an expensive present and asked me to choose it. I also sent him a little card wishing him the best of luck."

"I even had to go to the wedding."

"I shall never forget that day. When the ceremony was over and the bride and bridegroom were driven off, I waved smilingly at him through the back window of the car. He waved and smiled at me—and that is the last I saw of him."

Humanist's Page

"Humanist" invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelopes to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 ls. is paid for each letter quoted

All that happened eight years ago. Since then, the girl has been terribly hard up through illness. Once she wrote to the man; he ignored her letter. A sad story. The chief culprit has got away scot-free and is probably regarded as a decent fellow.

But he cannot have much of a conscience or any sense of honour.

He is, to put it tersely, a skunk. But he is not the only culprit.

I think the mother should be blamed for allowing a daughter to reach the age of sixteen without giving her any moral guidance.

And the girl herself was incredibly innocent and foolish, though one cannot accuse her of being dishonourable.

As a secondary school girl, she ought to have learnt something about sex in her biology lessons. Her girl friends must have known enough to enlighten her. I fancy she must have been rather solitary and "different."

ALL three letters deal with the problem of honour; something difficult to define, but something that is more than common honesty.

Honesty is plain prose and Honour is poetry. Honesty is like strongly wrought iron, but Honour is shining steel.

Without it, life becomes a bread-and-butter existence. But it is possible to go wrong through loyalty to mistaken "honour."

The keeping of a vow to the dead may wrong the living, and loyalty to a scoundrel who has none may end in tragedy.

Father and Son find Hobbies fun

making things in their spare time. Why not? It's easy with a Hobbies Fretwork Set. Cutting out in wood and fitting the parts up is a man's job—which any boy enjoys. Make your own presents. You can start now and save money.



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BALDNESS defeated!



Read Mr. Harris's letter below—his photograph shows what a fine head of hair he has now. Silvikrin is sold by chemists, hairdressers and stores (London 1/6. Post Silvikrin 6/-).

Cranbrook House, Sumner Hill, Mr. Lichfield.

Dear Sirs, I had a nervous breakdown 18 months ago, which caused my hair to fall out very badly. I had bald patches—some of inches long and 3 inches wide. I had a small strip of hair in front and then I was bald right over with a small bit of hair at the back. I saw your advertisement and got a bottle of Silvikrin: next day I found my head had lost all its bald patches. To-day I have a very good head of hair—Silvikrin is worth its weight in gold. (sig.) Joseph Harris.

Silvikrin

DOES GROW HAIR

L-30-H

CROSSWORD No. 132.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

On page 49 is presented the 132nd of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues given.

Answers and summary of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors.

This puzzle will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL and Doctor G. E. H. Joad, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any point in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when such and whether Puzzle Square appears in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, November 3, 1938. The reason which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly Crossword Gazette, complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending penny postcard to Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford St., W.C.2. The second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most successful entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL, in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

YOUR NOSE IS False!

Hold your nose, shut your eyes—and your tongue can't tell you the difference between an apple and an onion! Read the proof in "You Taste with Your Nose" in "Armchair Science" now on sale. The same number also gives the startling information that future wars will be decided behind the lines, that underground railways will one day have no trains, that insects think . . . ! Everyday marvels of science are explained clearly and cleverly in

Armchair Science

ON SALE EVERYWHERE

A Home Repairing Outfit and Tool Chest for only a few shillings down!

Make money and save money with the New vastly improved G.T.L. Guaranteed Tool Chest and Home Repairing Outfit containing nearly sixty high quality articles. The offer appears on page 37. For a first payment of only a few shillings it will be sent at once on 7-days' approval. No experience is needed and a valuable free book of instruction is included in every tool chest.

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Take the first step. Fill in and send the coupon on page 37 for a beautiful 16-page brochure describing the complete outfit, together with full particulars of how it can be obtained by small monthly sums to suit your pocket. Turn to page 37 now and send that coupon before you forget!

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If you want relief from spells of hard breathing, choking and wheezing that makes you gasp for breath, try Himrod's Cure. It has brought relief to sufferers for over sixty years.

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A Doctor writes:—"I have prescribed Himrod's with unbelievable results."

Insist on the genuine

HIMROD'S CURE

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Wonderful tributes are received daily for benefits derived from Vitadate, the Famous Herbal Remedy. Mrs. Walton, Newbury, Berks, writes:—"Four years I had one Abscess after another. I had four operations, the last being on the spine, which discharged 20 months. I tried Vitadate and after two bottles felt my back so relieved with it. I have now been working two years and keeping fit. Vitadate is invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Troubles. If you are a sufferer, do not give up hope. Get a bottle to-day. Sold by Boots, F. & S. Naylor & Sons, 11, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.4. 3/- and 6/- per bottle, or per post 4/- extra in U.K. From VITADATE, ARNLEY, LEICESTER. Write for FREE BOOKLET."

All Change to RATIONAL TAILORING



"IN A JOB LIKE MINE—dealing with intricate wiring circuits—you can't afford to make mistakes. Both for your own safety and other people's, you've got to take that little extra care which may mean all the difference between a good job and complete confusion. Test, check, then test again—that's the sort of service I give and that's the sort of service I expect when other people are working for me."

"IT'S BECAUSE I'M SO CRITICAL that I buy all my clothes at The Fifty Shilling Tailors. I find that they take as much pride in their job as I do in mine. The style, the cut and the finish are obviously the work of craftsmen—and the materials are good, sound, honest cloths, that wear for years. This smart dinner jacket suit cost me 75/-, I couldn't have got a smarter one however much I paid."

★ ★ ★ We do rather pride ourselves on our Evening Wear. We believe that it's one of the best things that we do and many of our customers have told us the same thing. This Dinner Jacket for instance. The cut and fit are so absolutely right—and we can fit you just as well. Notice, too, the real silk facings, and heavy quality silk as that. Incidentally, we make dinner jackets in both single breasted and double breasted styles—both costing from 75/-

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Reader's Story by Doris Hodson, 6, Fairacre Road, Liverpool, 19

● Send us your story of real-life adventure, not exceeding 1,200 words. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. A stamped addressed envelope should be sent with each contribution

THE big Dutch plane was crowded. We rose out of the Croydon mist and climbed through patches of cloud into a blue sky. I had a window seat. Beside me sat a young man with sleek, dark hair, and a sallow complexion.

Presently the air hostess came to ask if we were comfortable and if we needed anything. Turning the young man bowed and invited me to join him in a cup of coffee, introducing himself as Raoul Schwend, jeweller, of London and Amsterdam.

During the rather bumpy trip to the coast, Mr. Schwend proved a pleasant travelling companion. At lunch we exchanged information about ourselves. I told him I was bound for Amsterdam on a short visit to friends.

With an air of mystery he confided that he had found a marvellous new "racket," as he called it—the really perfect imitation of jewels.

"You can't tell them from the real thing—nobody can," he assured me.

I was politely sceptical. He produced a "diamond and emerald set," which included a large brooch, bracelet, and ring. They were superb. I admitted I had never seen imitations to equal them, and asked if they were for sale.

"Well, no. They are really samples that I am taking to show my business friends in Amsterdam. But I tell you what I might do. I could let you have them after my friends have approved their design.

"But I should have to make one stipulation," he went on. "You must accept them with my compliments. I couldn't think of selling them to you."

This was rather startling from a man I had met casually only an hour before. Naturally, I said I appreciated the compliment, but could not accept the gift.

On reaching Amsterdam, he left me hurriedly, saying that he had to meet a friend, but hoped to get in touch with me later. By chance, I saw a young man approach him outside the Customs

SKY Thief



Schwend was among the men. I identified him, of course

barrier—a man whose appearance I remembered because he was so unlike the smartly dressed and sleek Mr. Schwend.

He was typically Dutch, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, with blunt, astonishingly stupid features, and dressed in shabby clothes.

Next morning Mr. Schwend rang up to invite me to lunch. Arriving by car, he took me to a well-known restaurant.

"I've brought the set of imitations along. My friends have that particular design already, so it's no use to me now. I want you to accept it as a souvenir."

"But—but we have scarcely met."

"Put them on and see how they look—to please me."

I opened the case, slipped on the bracelet and ring and pinned the brooch to my dress. He begged me to keep them; finally, although embarrassed, I did so.

LEAVING the restaurant, I saw the blonde young man who had met Mr. Schwend on the previous day. He was loitering at a corner and stared at me; but Mr. Schwend passed him without recognition, so I presumed I had been mistaken.

On my return to my friends' home I showed them the jewellery. They refused to believe that it was imitation.

"We can easily prove it," they declared. "There is a well-known jeweller round the corner. Suppose we ask his opinion?"

The jeweller examined the trinkets, looked at us with puzzled expression, and asked how much we wanted.

"Our English friend does not want to sell them," was the answer. "She just wants to know if they are genuine."

"Genuine!" he exclaimed, with a suspicious look at me, "of course they are genuine!"

Scarcely half an hour later the police called. To my amazement, they announced that I was under arrest, and must go with them.

At the police headquarters I was interviewed by the chief of police.

Pollitely, and in perfect English, he asked me how I came to be acquainted with Mr. Schwend; finally, he declared that he must regretfully detain me for some little time.

"Surely you should explain what is the charge against me," I protested.

"We have reason to believe that the jewellery you possess was stolen."

He pressed a button. "Bring in Heinz," he ordered.

When Mr. Heinz entered the room, I saw that he was the blonde, stupid-looking young Dutchman who had met Schwend on the 'plane's arrival.

"This is the lady," he replied to the chief's question. "She came with him on the K.L.M. plane yesterday, and was at lunch with him at the Restaurant des Indes to-day, wearing the jewels."

"I am innocent!" I cried hysterically.

"Schwend has flown to Paris, but we hope to intercept him," said the chief, rising and bowing. "Until then, Madame, you must resign yourself to be our guest here."

Hours later, I was taken before the chief again. Men were lined up against the wall. Among them was Schwend, looking as sleek as ever.

I identified him, of course. When he was taken away, the police chief motioned me to stay.

"You are free to return to your friends," he smiled, "and I must apologise for having had to detain you. But you have unwittingly assisted us to bring a notorious rogue to justice."

"The jewels were stolen from a well-known Dutch lady now resident in London—one of a series of jewel thefts in European capitals. In each case the jewels have been 'found' after a big reward had been offered for their recovery."

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"The jewels were stolen from a well-known Dutch lady now resident in London—one of a series of jewel thefts in European capitals. In each case the jewels have been 'found' after a big reward had been offered for their recovery."

"WELL, it's becoming increasingly dangerous to sell stolen jewels. So the thieves thought of this ingenious manner of making money. One thousand pounds reward has been offered for the jewels you paraded in public this afternoon."

"But why—"

"Why did the man calling himself Raoul Schwend give them to you? Ah, his game was to 'plant' them on a woman friend and take her to some popular rendezvous where the gems would be spotted by Schwend's accomplice, who would report to the police and claim the reward."

"Schwend is one of a gang we call the Sky Thieves, for they always travel by

air to smuggle in the stolen gems. A clever trick and almost foolproof. But Schwend made one mistake—his accomplice."

"The stupid looking Mr. Heinz?"

"Heinz," smiled the chief, "is our cleverest detective."

STOMACH PAINS ARE DANGER SIGNALS

When your digestive organs are out of order, the simplest food often causes distress. Heartburn, acidity, flatulence torment you; worse still, your food doesn't nourish you and so you become an easy prey to illness. It stands to reason you cannot be strong and healthy unless your digestive organs—stomach, liver and bowels—are working properly.

Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup combines in concentrated form the medicinal virtues of more than ten different herbs, roots and barks which experience has shown have the power of restoring tone, efficiency and regularity to the digestive organs as no single drug or combination of drugs can do. The action of Mother Seigels is gentle, not drastic; it builds up, little by little, day by day, Nature's way, the only true way. All chemists have it at 1/3 and 3/4.

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"Dear Sirs—I have had two 1/3 boxes of GERMOLOIDS and they have given me great relief, and I must say your treatment has cured me."
(Sgd.) E. R., Buckland."

Germoloids are the wonderful new internal treatment which are saving thousands from the discomfort and agony of Piles. Simple, clean and inexpensive, GERMOLOIDS end smarting and itching, reduce swelling, heal the tissues and protect sensitive nerves.

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At the first sign of infection take 2 Tablets of Phensic and you will have the benefit of the four finest specific known to medical science for the treatment of feverish conditions, nerve pains, colds, chills, influenza and rheumatism. Get Phensic NOW. Find swift recovery! 3d, 6d, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

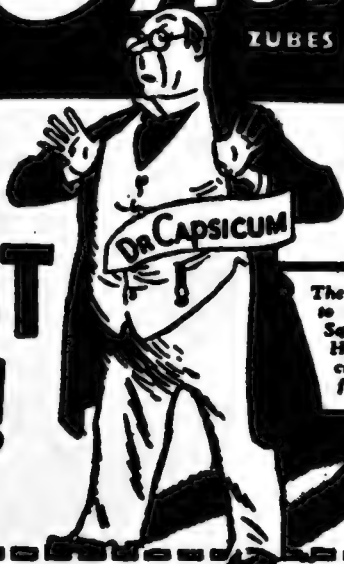
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COLDS and INFLUENZA**

NO AGAIN

ZUBES COMPETITION NO 6

FOR
A LAST
LINE!



The nine Doctors who help to make Zubes are Doctors Squills, Aniseed, Menthol, Honey, Liquorice, Capsicum, Horsehound, Colic-foot, Balsam.

I'm one of nine Doctors who help to make Zubes
So good for your chest and your bronchial tubes.
We're each of us good, but together we're grand

ZUBES

ARE BEST FOR THROAT AND CHEST

In flat, airtight tins 3^d and 6^d or loose, 2½d. an ounce

Prices do not apply in Eire

DIRECTIONS. Again Zubes offer a prize of £10 for a single line. Complete the verse above. Send it, with your name and address and the inside paper disc from a tin of Zubes (or one of the bags in which Zubes are sold loose), to Dept. 3G, ZUBES COMPETITION, Sunnydale, Derby. The judges' decision is final, of course. The competition closes on November 26th. The name and address of the prize-winner will be published in 'Everybody's Weekly'.

and 'The Leader' on December 12th, or can be obtained by sending a stamped, addressed envelope to the address above. Don't miss the last of these competitions in two weeks' time in this paper. And here's a tip: you'll find it easier to write about Zubes when you've tried them. And even if you don't win a prize this time you will be glad to have proved Zubes are best for throat and chest. All entries will be examined.

"JOHN BULL" is the only paper in the world to safeguard your household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST and to pay SICKNESS BENEFITS. IF YOU HAVE NOT SIGNED FOR SAFETY, FILL UP THE FORMS BELOW AT ONCE FOR "JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE FAMILY INSURANCE GIFT.

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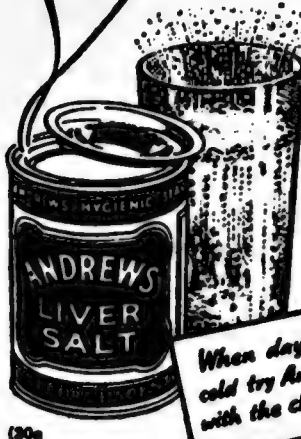
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When days are cold try Andrews with the chill off

Inner Cleanliness! There, indeed, you have the secret of health! For Inner Cleanliness means the complete and natural purification of the system. You—and every member of your family—can achieve this happy state by taking Andrews regularly.

Immediately you drink your bubbling tonic glass of Andrews it cleans the tongue and refreshes the mouth. Next, it settles the stomach and corrects acidity. Then Andrews wakes up the liver and checks any tendency to biliousness. And finally—to make your Inner Cleanliness complete—it clears the bowels gently and efficiently.

Andrews is the gradual and natural corrective of constipation. Get a tin to-day. 4 ozs. 9d., 8 ozs. 1/4.

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Stomach Agony CAN be STOPPED!

● HOW? — Your Doctor will tell you

that Meggeson Dyspepsia Tablets are made in a form and to a prescription which get to the cause of indigestion. They relieve the pain at once, give complete stomach-comfort and remove the cause of acidity, flatulence, internal pain and heartburn. They give your stomach that healthy neutral balance — neither acid nor alkaline — which is perfect digestion.

Your Chemist will tell you that Meggeson Dyspepsia

● Tablets stimulate Vagus Nerve and Gastric Juices and so relieve the weakened stomach of agonising strain. He will tell you, too, that "bulky" remedies—which often contain a high proportion of chalk—cannot bring relief in stomach trouble. They often convert acidity into dangerous alkalosis, and they load the stomach with dangerous alkali and so can only be expected to produce an alkaline result.

Your neighbour will tell you. Amongst your acquaintances there are people—probably hundreds of people—who found perfect

● stomach-comfort for the first time when they tried Meggeson's. Soothing, correcting, palatable, Meggeson's can be taken at any time—after, before or between meals. Just suck them like sweets; no water, stirring or mixing required. Just handy little tablets, but how amazing in action. Test them, at our expense, to-day, and know true stomach-comfort.

FOR YOUR PROTECTION
Sold only by
Qualified
Chemists.
Per Bottle... 1/3

The makers of Meggeson's have made true remedies for 140 years. They stake their reputation upon the efficacy of Meggeson Dyspepsia Tablets. They invite you to try them free. Fill in the coupon for a GENEROUS FREE SAMPLE.

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Please send me a Free Sample of your Meggeson Bismuth Dyspepsia Tablets, I enclose 1½d. in stamps to cover postage.

Name.....
Address.....

Know Your Neighbour—5

IVAN AND ANNA

—Soviet Citizens

FOR some weeks Moscow has been in the grip of frost.

Not that it has been really cold from the viewpoint of a city whose weather once beat Napoleon.

The gentle wind from the north-west has been just cold enough to yield perfect skating and a steady temperature of about six degrees below freezing.

Yet it made Ivan button up his long and shabby black overcoat to his chin as he left the Moscow granary where he works.

A greeting to this comrade and that as he looked about him, and then, pursing his lips to whistle something that sounded more like a Dead March than anything, he began the walk home.

It was a cry of "Good-day, comrade," that halted him after five minutes of walking, and when he was whistling his third dirge.

It came from a man in a much better coat than his own—a coat lined with choicest fur.

This man was a Stakhanovite, or "star" pieceworker, one of the new aristocrats of the new Russia. He earns three times Ivan's £3 5s. a week—and even that would be a pittance to some Stakhanovites.

"How's production at the granary, comrade?" asked the Stakhanovite, after his greeting had been answered.

"Excellent!" said Ivan. And how proud he looked at saying it. "It is 11 per cent. up. And how's production at your place?"

"We're turning out 17 per cent. more leather, and better quality at that!"

After which the two beaming workers permitted themselves to talk of their wives and families!

Ivan, you should know, is as fond of his wife Anna as he was on the day he married her twenty-five years ago. And Joseph, their twenty-four-year-old son, is the apple of his father's eye.

The Stakhanovite is probably just as proud of his own wife and family.

Yet production is the all-important thing in this over-organised country.

Production at the factory, in the granary, down the pit, out in the fields, is a question that rises to the lips of all Soviet enthusiasts. And proud the man who can give the right answer.

Proud the woman, too—for women play as big a part as men in the new Russia.

Ivan continued all the more happily in his walk home because quantity and quality had improved in his chance acquaintance's leather tannery.

Home at last—three floors up in a communal block of flats. The communal wash-houses are on the top storey. And down below ground are the communal cellars, where each householder can store his pickled goods in a cool alcove of his own.

Pickled herrings, pickled cucumbers, pickled tomatoes—pickled everything that is pickleable is to be found in the cellars beneath Ivan's block of flats.

AND potatoes, too. Everybody in the building stores potatoes up for the winter. Quantities of wheat, too—for wheat, boiled until it puffs up to enormous size, and with raisins or muscatels thrown into the mess, is good and cheap food for hungry Russian stomachs.

How strangely different is life in those flats from life in a similar-looking block in England.

Ivan, for instance, pays about 3s. 6d. a week rent. One neighbour pays 3s. 3d.; another 4s. 6d. And somewhere in the block there are Stakhanovites paying many times more.

Rent is based on income. That's why you'll find families with servants living among the poorest in flats which both of them can just manage to afford.

Only 3s. 6d. a week for rent out of Ivan's £2 5s. a week! If all his expenses were in proportion, what a happy man he would be.

But they're not. That shabby coat which he flung on a chair on reaching home, for instance, cost him £20. He couldn't have got one cheaper—but he could have paid £30 without looking really smart.

HIS shoddy suit cost him the best part of £20—his heavy shoes £2. And as for Anna, her Spring coat, which cost £11 only a few months ago, doesn't look like lasting through another summer.

Then the cupboard—and that food alcove of his in the communal cellar—takes just as heavy a toll of his hard-earned wages.

Bread 1s. 6d. a pound, and not British quality, either. Salted butter 5s. a pound. Lump sugar 1s. 6d. for the same quantity.

By the time Anna has paid 6d. for an egg, 9d. a pint for milk, 3s. a pound for beef, 1s. a pound for the cheapest soap,



Even in the Soviet Army women play an equal part with men

and as much as 6d. each for very ordinary cooking apples, there isn't a lot left in her purse.

If there was anything in Ivan's budget cheaper than it would cost in England we'd give it—but in plain fact there isn't. Potatoes at 1½d. a pound are about the cheapest food you can buy.

Yet Ivan and Anna are not so badly off as these figures suggest, or as some politicians might make them suggest.

For instance, apart from a compulsory 10 per cent. deduction from his wages, Ivan hasn't got to bother his head overmuch about rates and taxes. Then, as we have shown, his rent is dirt cheap.

And there are other concessions. For instance, Ivan gets his lunch every day for 8d. in his factory canteen. If he were a Stakhanovite, he would get a somewhat better one for 1s. 6d.—but the 8d. one satisfies him.

And Anna can get a cheap State restaurant meal, too.

Half a million people in Russia have the extra cost of special foods they require drawn from the social funds in each industry.

But to return to Ivan in his flat, a meal of bread and herrings, and he and Anna are ready to go out seeing the sights.

TODAY, as in Czarist days, the Russian is no stay-at-home. While wives and husbands are out enjoying themselves, servants will congregate in the courtyards of the communal flats to sing or, perhaps, to dance to the music of mouth-organs or mandolines.

But always they will keep within earshot of the sleeping children who are their charges.

Perhaps Ivan and Anna will also find cheap fun dancing or singing somewhere. In any case, there are the shops, the retail system having been revived in the last few years.

There are even 3d. and 6d. stores where Anna can get such things as lipsticks and face-powders, and, in these days, she uses them!

Then there are the big stores, with loud-voiced uniformed attendants at their doors to tell you on which floor you can get the incredibly bad article you are seeking at a preposterously big price.

There are State-made cameras—but the trouble is that it isn't easy to get the films that fit them. Wireless sets—and no valves to fit them. State-pattern bicycles—and you're lucky if you can buy a new inner-tube after you've had a burst.

You can buy State guns, to indulge in a little shooting. But not even Ivan can tell you where you will get the cartridges.

Fortunately, "Letters to the Editor" have been revived recently in Soviet newspapers.

Ordinary readers who write to these

pages are pillorying such stupidities—and are having more effect in righting matters than any officials ever had.

But let us leave Ivan and Anna at the door of a Moscow theatre—for they decided against a dance, after all.

The show will be very cultural. Perhaps more cultural than they would wish. But they are used to that.

They will leave that theatre very happy. They will go home happy. They would dread to have that happiness disturbed by war.

Just like you. And you, and you.

Is Your Back Painful and Aching?

DO STABBING PAINS strike across the back when you try to bend or straighten? Is the urine disordered and your sleep disturbed? Do weather changes bring rheumatic twinges? These are some of the signs of kidney weakness which Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills so successfully combat. They banish the pain by treating the cause—the weakened or sluggish kidneys. So long as uric acid and other harmful impurities are allowed to remain in the blood you cannot expect to feel well. Don't wait to be laid up! By cleansing and strengthening the kidney filters Doans Pills may save you weeks of suffering with rheumatism, lumbago, bladder weakness, renal dropsy or sciatica.

Ask for DOANS, 1/3, 3/-, 5/-

Rub away, Bronchial Colds

Relief comes fast when you rub Vick brand Vapour-Rub on throat, chest, and back. It acts through the skin like a poultice and, at the same time, releases healing medicated vapours that you breathe in for hours, 18 times a minute, direct to the irritated air-passages of nose, throat, and chest. This direct double action soothes irritation, loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, makes breathing easy. You drop off to restful sleep and by morning feel like a new person.

VICK
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WHEN GASTRIC ULCERS ARE SUSPECTED

There's no need for the stomach sufferer to give way to despair, even when acute pain suggests that excess acid has attacked his stomach lining, preparing the way for a gastric ulcer. There are countless instances where the gentle, healing work of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder has driven the spectre of a serious operation right away.

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Be sure you get MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder, which is only genuine with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on bottle and carton. Sold only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles. Powder or Tablets, and 9d. tins of Tablets for the pocket.



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Mixture
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Dr. Blosser's introduce wonderful new formula—more economical, more effective than ever.

Doctors say that catarrh is one of the most dangerous of unsuspected diseases. Four out of five people suffer from it in some form. Usually it begins with a simple cold. Then it spreads to all the mucous membranes of the head, nose, throat, lungs and stomach, whence its poison spreads all over the system.

There is one sure way to end catarrh. Ordinary medicines cannot reach the infected parts, but Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes and Herbal Smoking Mixture cannot fail to. They are made of valuable medicinal herbs, and as you smoke them their warm vapour carries its soothing antiseptic properties into all the minute crevices of your respiratory system.

HOW TO PROVE IT

If you think you have the slightest trace of any catarrhal trouble, colds, asthma, bronchitis, etc., get a packet of the new cigarettes at any chemist to-day or send the coupon below for a free sample to try.

FREE SAMPLE PACKET

Dr. Blosser Ltd. (Dept. 121.N.W.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4. Please send me a free sample of Dr. Blosser's new Cigarettes.

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without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas builds up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

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Name

Address

J.B. 19/11/38 Id. stamp is sufficient if in an unsealed envelope

Make Certain of Your family's future

and your own future as well!
—fill in the Coupon on page 31.

Particulars of the Heritage Endowment Plan, specially designed to meet the needs of married men, will be sent to readers who fill in and post the coupon in the special announcement on page 31. Make certain of your family's future and your own—it can be done easily and safely—by getting, without any obligation, full details of the Heritage Policies of the Prudential Assurance Co. Fill in the Coupon on page 31 Now—You may never regret it!

★ Accept this unique HEALTH OFFER

If you are run down, lack appetite and rest for life, fill in the coupon on p. 16 for Special Trial Supply of 40 Tablets of Yestamin, the New Vitamin Yeast Treatment. Enclose 3d. stamps for postage, etc.

Painful PILES Banished

Thousands Praise Famous Ointment.

WHY should you suffer from the burning irritation, swelling and bleeding of piles (haemorrhoids) when there's Zam-Buk? This world-famed herbal ointment has proved successful in thousands of cases, often when an operation seemed the only means of escape.

Zam-Buk brand ointment brings relief and is wonderfully soothing; it has a contractive influence on the dilated veins, checks the bleeding and causes the piles to gradually disappear.

Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing septic conditions where membranes are broken or inflamed. Don't suffer from piles a day longer—get a 1/3 box of Zam-Buk.



For Inward PILES

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles you can obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they soothe and cure while you sleep.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write today for Graves Display of latest Fashions showing the newest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at the keenest prices, on the fairest of Easy Terms

3' Monthly

Bourbon

This extremely smart Stroller Coat is designed in the newest fashion, cut in the full length swing style now so much in favour. A splendidly produced in an excellent quality of Astrachan - Gull Cloth. The collar and revers are of bold dimensions, while the plain sleeves and welted sloping pockets are in perfect harmony. The garment is beautifully lined with plain Art. Silk to tone, and is available in Grey, Rust, and Black. Sizes: S.W. to O.S. (Rusts 32 to 38ins.) Lengths: 42 & 44ins.

Price 32/6 Terms: 2/- monthly

WRITE NOW FOR PATTERNS POST FREE

Write for full range of cloth Patterns of Newest Models: Coats, Costumes, Frocks, Underwear, etc., in latest styles. Ask for patterns of any garment you require with self-measurement Form and full particulars sent free per return. Styles and Patterns are also available of Young Ladies', Maids' & Girls' Fashions, and we offer excellent value in Footwear, Furs, and Hosiery Clothing, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

After washday
rub in
**Snowfire
Tablet**
and prevent
rough hands

3½ FAMILY SIZES 6½ & 7½

Soft Snowfire in tins 3d.

xiii CATARRH Germs

Scientific Remedy gives marvellous results. To end your CATARRH and banish constant colds, breathing trouble and stuffiness, you've got to KILL THOSE MILLIONS OF MULTIPLYING CATARRH GERMS!—or you'll never banish with Catarrh. GET NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy. This world-famous remedy kills germs instantly! Opens blocked-up air-tubes. Clears your head. Stops discharge. Soothes soreness. Heals inflammation. Stops Catarrh. Cures Head Noises. Catarrh-Deafness. Perfectly Safe. All Chemists, 1/3. Free Sample from "NOSTROLINE," J.B.O. Bristol, & TAKE PURITAN SALTS FOR RHEUMATISM.

Pools Parliament By "Poolex"

X-RAYING the "X's"

● Pool fans, this is your page—say what you like, ask what you want to know about your winter hobby. If you have a problem to be solved or an opinion to express concerning football pools, write to "Poolex," Pools Parliament, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

DEAS for selecting draws have been showering on me lately. I have been to great pains to check them all, and the results are highly interesting.

To begin with, one must remember that, on average, one match in four is a draw. So, to be any good, a selection system must show a better average than this when tested over a period.

I have been sent many systems based on sequences of past results—and very disappointing they are, on the whole. One widely held idea is that teams which have not drawn for some weeks must surely draw soon. Investigation shows there is nothing in this.

Teams go a very long time without a draw. There is one instance on record of a team either winning or losing 33 consecutive games!

Of all the sequence ideas I examined, only one showed any promise. It was that a sequence of two away wins is followed by a draw in the next away game once in every three times.

That is above average—but the sequence is so rare that, on average, that system would only indicate one match a week.

Another unprofitable idea is picking certain teams and following them for "X's" right through a season.

One variation on that theme was that promoted clubs draw at home and relegated teams draw away; London clubs draw frequently; draw specialists of the previous season will produce a lot of draws in the current season; and that teams with strong defences will draw more often than the others.

None of these ideas gives anything better than 25 per cent. draws, which is just average.

Selections based on published forecasts give better results.

One correspondent suggests using a summary of expert opinion and permuting for draws all the matches for which the number of away forecasts exceeds the home or draw votes.

Choosing your match in this way will give an average of 32 per cent. drawn games.

Other readers have pointed out that some sections of the graded guide include a high proportion of draws. On average, six or seven of the last 20 games on the list are draws.

Then there are systems based on the league tables—and from these I have found two reasonable ideas to help you.

Teams in the first half of a league table playing away to a lower-placed club draw one match in three.

The same good average is obtained by choosing your draw selections only from matches in which the teams are not more than six places apart in the league table.

Many people recommend following the bottom two clubs in each league—but this definitely doesn't work.

Your Christmas Gift

JOHN BULL offers you a FREE Gift Voucher which will be accepted as 2s. 6d. cash in part payment of JOHN BULL's superb 8s. 6d. Writing Set, and also a FREE Gift Voucher which will be accepted as 7s. 6d. in part payment of JOHN BULL's 12s. 6d. Writing Set De Luxe.

You may have one or both. Take your choice.

For yourself and for a friend you could not choose a more useful or more lasting Christmas gift. The demand for these Gift Writing Sets will be tremendous. So don't delay! Turn to page 4 and apply at once

Later I will tackle the problem of forecasting away. Readers' ideas are welcomed, so long as they have a common-sense basis.

Scientific Markings

For the 12-match pool, I want to take five bankers and make two-way forecasts for the other seven matches.

The complete two-way permutation of seven matches needs 128 lines, so I want to reduce it to 32.

Is there a scientific way of doing this?—J. C. B., Edinburgh.

It is not necessary to use 32 lines, as the following 16-line entry will guarantee at least six correct out of seven two-way forecasts, provided the actual result is included in your two-way forecast for each match:—

a a a a b b b b a a b b b b
a a b b a a b a b b a a b b
a b a a b a b a b a b b a b
a a b b a a b b a a b a b b
a b b a a b a b a b b a a b
a b b a a a b a b b b a a b
a b a a b a a b b a b a b a

If you wish to make a 32-line entry, you could cover eight two-way forecasts by using the above entry twice, and marking the eighth match with 16 a's and 16 b's.

Home Winners

This is how I select home winners.

Mark off all the home teams which won their last home match by 2-0, 3-1 or more, provided that the away team did not score two goals against them.

This usually gives about 15 matches to choose from, and has given me three dividends so far this season.—A. P., Manchester.

My method for homes is as follows:—Select the home teams which have won one-half or more of their home games to date, who are playing teams that have not won more than one-quarter of their away games.

Reject any matches where either side has drawn more than the average number of games, or where the away team has a good goal average.—H. S., Standish.

I have checked both these ideas over the same period of last season. On average, each of them gave just over six home winners in every 10 selections. A fair result, but it can be improved. Combining the two methods and using only the teams indicated by both increases the average accuracy.

[The above letters share this week's prize. Each of the writers is awarded five shillings for his helpful tip.]

Impracticable

What are the chances of this idea, and how many lines would be required?

Take the 14-match pool, and base the forecast on the assumption that there will not be more than eight home wins, or more than five draws or five aways.—R. F., Taddington.

It isn't practicable. Over 1,750,000 lines would be required. Ideas like this are frequently suggested to me, but I have yet to find one with any prospects. In my opinion, to have a chance of success you must do some forecasting.

Two Shares

If, in a penny pool, there are two lines with, say, 21 points, and the pool is won with 22 points, would both these

lines get a second dividend?—Enquirer, Romsey.

Provided, of course, that the two lines are different, they would both qualify for the second dividend.

Margin for Mistakes

Last season I used to enter six home winners from ten selections. The markings were arranged so that if any eight were correct, one of the lines was a winner. I have mislaid these markings. Can you help, please.—H. B., Oxford.

The following entry (nine lines) will give a correct line if any eight out of ten selections are correct.

1 1 1 1 1 1 — — —
1 1 1 1 — — — 1 1 —
1 — — — 1 1 1 1 —
— 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 —
1 — 1 — 1 — 1 — 1
— 1 — 1 — 1 1 — 1
— 1 — 1 — 1 1 — 1
1 — 1 1 — — 1 1 —
1 — 1 — — 1 — 1 1
— 1 1 — 1 — — 1 1

Small investors in the pools will find useful information in *Sporting Life Weekly*, which publishes every Saturday special news entries designed by "Poolex." This is one of the many useful features.

Graded Guide and Pools Chart

by Poolex (copyright)

BELOW are the games to be played on Saturday, November 19, not in the usual League Divisions, but specially arranged to form a Graded Guide to the expected results.

Recent form has been compared by awarding points according to the merits of the last six performances of each team, and this comparison determines the position of each match in the list below.

Thus, the most likely home winners, on form, are at the top of the list, next come the more evenly matched teams, and the end of the list contains the most likely away winners.

As an additional guide, column A shows whether the home team (1) or the away team (2) has the advantage on recent form. Column B gives the next-best forecast as an alternative, whilst column C gives a warning asterisk (*) where results in past years suggest that form may well be upset.

In pools where a choice is given, avoid games marked *; cover fully, if possible (1—2—3), in pools where each match has to be forecast.

November 19, 1938.		A	B	C
1	Rangers v. Clyde	1	2	
2	St. Mirren v. Arbroath	1	2	
3	Newport v. Walsall	1	2	
4	Aldershot v. Southend	1	2	
5	Gateshead v. Accrington	1	2	
6	Third Lanark v. Falkirk	1	2	
7	Sunderland v. Preston	1	2	
8	Hibernian v. Partick	1	2	
9	Celtic v. Motherwell	1	2	
10	Doncaster v. Chester	1	2	
11	Watford v. Ipswich	1	2	
12	Crystal Palace v. Cardiff	1	2	
13	Ayr v. St. Johnstone	1	2	
14	Sheffield W. v. Norwich	1	2	
15	Carlisle v. Halifax	1	2	
16	Swindon v. Bristol R.	1	2	
17	Everton v. Manchester U.	1	2	
18	West Ham v. Plymouth	1	2	
19	Clapton O. v. Bournemouth	1	2	
20	Derby v. Bolton	1	2	
21	Millwall v. Notts P.	1	2	
22	Huddersfield v. Birmingham	1	2	
23	Arsenal v. Leicester	1	2	
24	Hartlepool v. Barnsley	1	2	
25	Chesterfield v. Burnley	1	2	
26	Torquay v. Brighton	1	2	
27	Crewe v. New Brighton	1	2	
28	Northampton v. Mansfield	1	2	
29	Aston Villa v. Chelsea	1	2	
30	Bristol C. v. Exeter	1	2	
31	York v. Lincoln	1	2	
32	Port Vale v. Reading	1	2	
33	Portsmouth v. Middlesbrough	1	2	
34	Wrexham v. Stockport	1	2	
35	Wolves v. Stoke	1	2	
36	Hamilton v. Queen of South	1	2	
37	Rochdale v. Hull	1	2	
38	Manchester C. v. Coventry	1	2	
39	Swansea v. Tottenham	1	2	
40	Bury v. Luton	1	2	
41	Grimsby v. Charlton	1	2	
42	Darlington v. Oldham	1	2	
43	Southport v. Barrow	1	2	
44	Aberdeen v. Kilmarnock	1	2	
45	Fulham v. W.B.A.	1	2	
46	Bradford v. Southampton	1	2	
47	Blackpool v. Leeds	1	2	
48	Blackburn v. Newcastle	1	2	
49	Notts C. v. Q.P.R.	1	2	
50	Rotherham v. Bradford C.	1	2	
51	Raith R. v. Queen's Park	1	2	
52	Brentford v. Liverpool	1	2	
53	Tranmere v. Sheffield U.	1	2	
54	Albion Rovers v. Hearts	1	2	

Real Life Stories of RHEUMATISM

Mr. Rickman, of Walkford, Hants.

"suffered great pain"



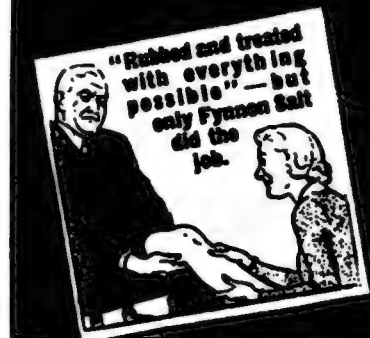
Here is his letter, word for word:—

"I am writing a few lines to express my great thanks for the benefit I have found in Fynnon Salt. I have suffered great pain with Rheumatism in my legs, for which I was rubbed and treated with mostly everything possible, when I read about Fynnon Salt. Thank goodness I did, because now I am able to get about with ease. You may be sure I am passing this wonderful testimonial on to all my friends."

Guarantee

We guarantee that the testimonial published here, like every other testimonial we publish, is genuine and unsolicited; the photograph is of Mr. Rickman.

FYNNON LIMITED, BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX



Fynnon Salt for Fitness

Fynnon every day means more than the end of Rheumatism—it means the beginning of vigorous health as well. For the Spa minerals, Sodium, Potassium and Lithium, in Fynnon Salt rouse liver and kidneys to full activity. Rheumatic acids and toxins are rinsed away, along with the health-destroying inner waste that breeds them; unhealthy fat is gently dissolved in Nature's own way.

Fynnon, in short, purifies and invigorates the whole system, leaving you fresh and supple and trim at any age. Take a teaspoonful in a tumblerful of water every morning of your life. Large tins (a month's supply) 1/3, from all chemists.



For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

Take It!



The Wonder Tablet

-And Stop Limping

DON'T let Leg Troubles cripple you. Take Elasto, the Great New Biomedical Remedy that cures through the blood, and have done with enforced rest, worry, suffering and expense. Leg aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg ulcers (bad leg) become clean and healthy and quickly heal, inflammation and irritation are soothed, piles disappear, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Everybody is Asking—What is Elasto?

This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of curing through the blood. Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation without which there can be no true healing! The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of Elasto Say:

- "I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured."
- "Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."
- "Thrombosis gone; legs better and less swelling."
- "Completely cured my varicose ulcers."
- "After being indoors for 18 months I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs."
- "It is wonderful to be free from that terrible pain and to be able to walk upstairs without getting short of breath."
- "Lumbago cured after 3 years of suffering, age 60."
- "My piles are gone, my legs are better and I feel better in my general health."
- "Elasto has quite cured my eczema."
- "I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
- "As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."
- "The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (Arterio-Sclerosis) are quite gone, and my general health is much improved."
- "Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
- "Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
- "The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day." Etc.

Here's Good News! You Can Test Elasto Free!

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biomedical Remedy. These, together with copies of testimonials, showing what Elasto has done for others, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE ELASTO MAKES! This offer is too good to be missed ★ ELASTO (Dept. 15.F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF ELASTO ★

ELASTO (Dept.15.F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, The Great Blood Revitaliser, cures through the blood. [J.B. No.191138.]

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

£10 Cash Prize —FREE!

For Best Last Line to Unfinished Limerick on p. 35

A SIMPLE contest in which a cash prize of £10 can be obtained for the best last line to the unfinished Limerick on page 35 is offered by the proprietors of Zulus Pastilles for Throat and Chest. You may send in as many entries as you like provided you comply with the rules. Don't forget to enclose your name and address. Turn to the Limericks now—read the simple conditions, then send in your entry at once. Note closing date, November 26, 1938. Address your entries: Dept. M, Zulus Competition, Sunnydale, Derby. Now make a bee-line for that £10 note!

Send for this FREE CATALOGUE of the Berkeley Superlax Easy Chair —it adjusts itself!

THE Berkeley Superlax brings both beauty and comfort to the home every day of the year. Don't overlook the offer on page 31. The new 1939 Berkeley Superlax model illustrated can be obtained for 5/- with order and small monthly payments of only 10/- . A free illustrated catalogue of this chair and other Berkeley models, together with patterns, etc., will be sent FREE and post free on receipt of the Coupon. Send for this to-day—NOW, while you think of it!

£2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE

£600 Cash

BIG 10-in-1 XMAS HAMPERS
ONE WITH EACH PRIZE OF £2 AND OVER

FINE LIFE INCOME
-AND XMAS FEASTS FOR JOHN BULL'S XWORD

XMAS BONUS PARCELS
One to every prize-winner in this Contest who submitted not less than 8 squares (or equivalent) in one envelope

LAST WEEKS of XMAS HAMPERS!

"EVERYTHING of the best—a real 10-in-1 prize and the best Christmas-box I have ever had!"

To the Crossword Hamper she won last year that tribute was paid by Mrs. A. Clarke, 29, School Road, Orford, Warrington—and "John Bull's" files are full of such warm appreciations of the 3,500 Prize Hampers already distributed.

This week comes almost your last big opportunity to capture one of these famous Feasts for Christmas, 1938. Aim at a Cash-plus-Hamper award from this seasonable prize-list—but remember that you may well win instead that splendid Life Income First Prize and join our 38 Crossword Pensioners.

Be quick, for your entry must be posted by Wednesday, November 23, if you want to join "John Bull's" Christmas Guests with the aid of a coupon below.

COMBINED ENTRY PRIVILEGES

Each entrant of the two 1s. Entry Forms below, accompanied by necessary 2s. entry-fee, is entitled to receive one "Bullets" coupon **ABSOLUTELY FREE** for Xmas Pension and Radiogram Offer. Coupons on page 43.

With any Crossword entry you may now enclose "Bullets" entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2s.6d. on postage and postage. Make Postal Order payable to John Bull, address, joint entry envelope: Crossword No. 132 and "Bullets" No. 1,147, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "C and B" in top left-hand corner. Closing postmark of Saturday, Nov. 26, allowed for such combined entries.

READ THESE RULES.

- 1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /s. 6d. /; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand) to reach us not later than Thursday, November 24, 1938.
- 2.—Each entrant is limited to 8 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.
- 3.—No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.
- 4.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter

RESULT OF X-WORD No. 130 NEXT WEEK

on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, December 8. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he has entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, December 13, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £600 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS ON PAGE 33.
Competitors requiring a regular supply of "TIME-SAVE" Entry Sheets should apply to "Crossword Gazette," 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2.

ADDRESS ENTRY

Crossword No. 132, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

ACROSS

STUDY these CLUES

DOWN

1. Latin one would be unintelligible to most of us
3. Is sometimes seen on goods in shop-window
4. Frozen water
5. We all remember buckets and spades when we think of seaside ones
10. Temperamental actress likes to do this
11. Climbing on these is apt to be dangerous
15. Is sometimes attacked fiercely
16. Rodent in grate
19. Radio lecturer's must often be rather a heavy one
20. Trippers enjoy themselves when they get this at seaside
21. One is often employed to clean up a den

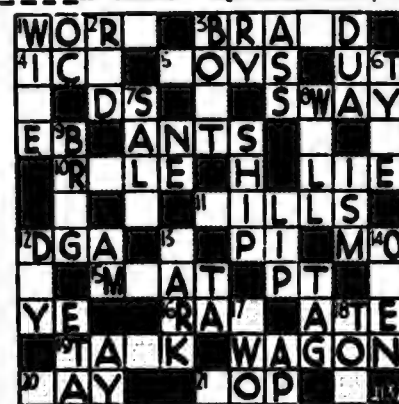
1. Sweet one helps to make dinner a success
2. Colour which denotes danger
3. It's rather stupid to throw one away
6. Garage mechanic finds it easy to put on one
7. Crowd is sometimes attracted by one
8. Is occasionally somewhat deep
9. Good hands can prevent one from going down in
12. It's usually safer for cycling when it's this
13. Motorist should drive with very special care in this
14. Landscape artist sometimes paints in
17. Pair
18. This of celluloid leads to nasty fire if it catches alight

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 132. Closing Thursday, Nov. 24, 1938.



IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose Postal Order

Value..... No.....
With 2 squares send P.O. for 6d.
With 4 squares send P.O. for 1s.

2
SQUARES
6d.
4
SQUARES
1s.

SIGNED.....

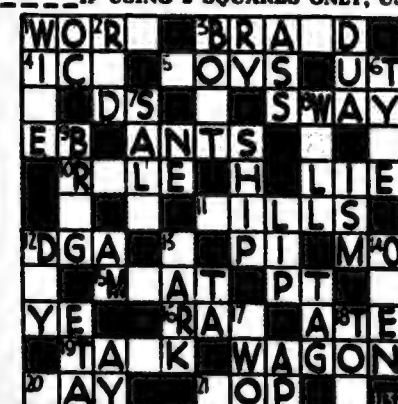
ADDRESS.....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 132. Closing Thursday, Nov. 24, 1938.



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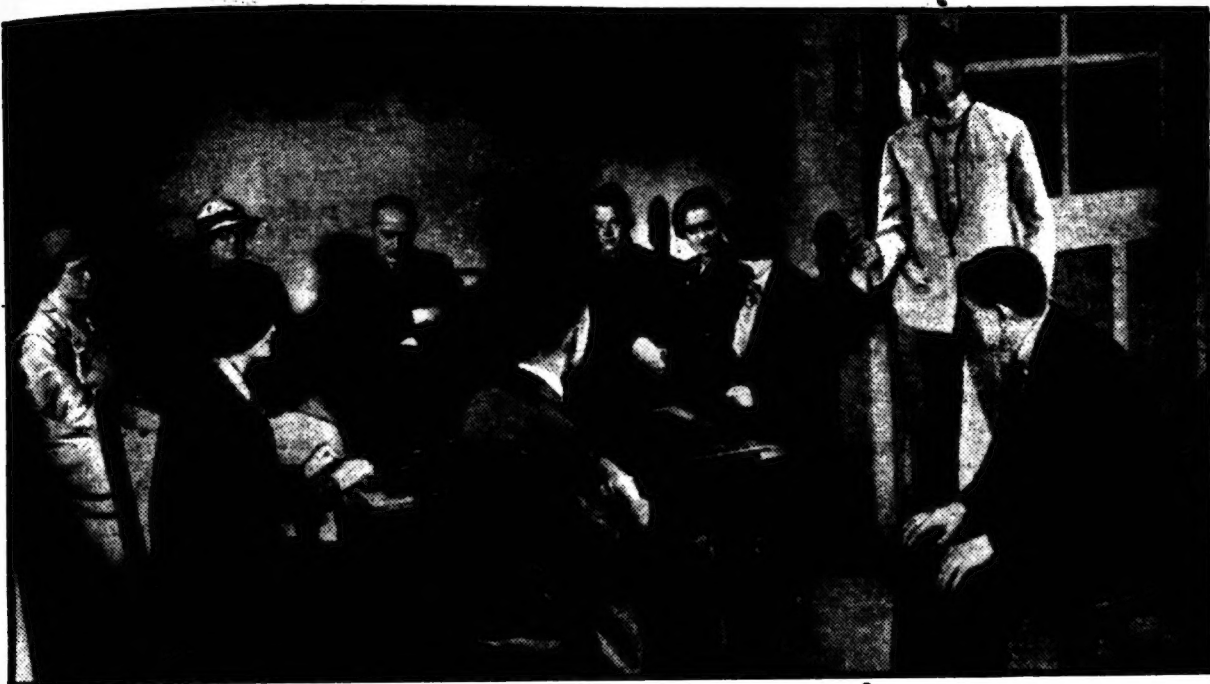
Value..... No.....
With 6 squares send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
With 8 squares send P.O. for 2s.

6
SQUARES
1s. 6d.
8
SQUARES
2s.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

WIN YOUR XMAS HAMPER NOW—and watch for the coming XMAS MONSTER!



They Cheat the Sick

WEALTHY malingers are crowding poor patients out of our hospitals.

If they could be weeded out from the queues who throng waiting-rooms and surgeries, the total of hospital attendances would go down by nearly a quarter. And the genuine patient would not be kept waiting hours for attention, or weeks for a bed.

Yes, the army of cheats numbers hundreds of thousands. Most of them have comfortable incomes, and all of them will tell any string of lies to get free treatment.

You can see them in any hospital, any day. Too mean to pay for treatment from their local doctor, they go along to hospital to sponge on the services of specialists and to swell the crowds of genuine patients who are waiting to be seen.

But, before these cheats reach the doctor, they have to interview the hospital almoner. And the almoner can judge them only by their appearances and the answers they give to his questions.

Many of them start off by giving false addresses. To reveal the right address would automatically prove their ability to pay for private treatment.

Many of them also wear their oldest clothes, or even borrow old clothes for the occasion.

One case detected was that of a railway official earning more than £1,000 a year, who borrowed and put on a porter's uniform, and then called at the hospital to try to obtain free treatment.

This is what the secretary of one large London hospital has to say:—

"Malingering goes on in all parts of the country, and on a large scale. It would be fairly safe to say that, for every malingeringer unmasked, ten get away scot free."

"But what can we do? Every hospital almoner is up against the same difficulty. We cannot employ staffs of investigators to check the statements that patients make. We have to rely entirely upon each patient's honesty."

DEPTHS to which some of these cheats will descend is well illustrated by the case of a woman whose deception of a London hospital was discovered by a sheer accident.

Wearing her oldest clothes, she went to the hospital, and, when interviewed by the almoner, declared that her income did not exceed £3 a week, out of which she had to keep an invalid husband.

She was allowed to see a specialist, and she returned on several occasions for further treatment, all of which she obtained free of charge.

But her fifth visit was an unlucky one. She was recognised by a girl who promptly complained to the almoner.

When the truth came out, it was discovered that the woman lived in a huge house of her own, that her husband was in a well-paid job, and that she had an income of her own well in excess of £500 a year.

The girl had been one of the five maids she employed!

A different kind of cheat was the wealthy titled man who had a seizure in a West End hotel.

He insisted upon being taken to hospital by ambulance, and received three weeks' treatment before it was possible for him to be moved.

It cost the hospital £50 to look after him, and he promised that the debt would be settled in full.

BUT it never was. Telegrams and letters from the hospital were ignored.

Before any further action could be taken the man died.

He left more than £500,000, but there

Weed out the malingers and the queues of genuine sufferers would vanish

was not a penny for the hospital which had treated him so well!

An even more blatant case concerned a wealthy young man who was injured in a motor smash outside the doors of a large hospital.

He was taken in and detained for a few days. He was scarcely inside the ward before he complained about the hospital diet, and, at his request, grilled sole, asparagus, champagne and other luxuries were specially provided for him.

On the morning following his lucky escape he received so many letters and telegrams of sympathy that he asked for the assistance of a secretary to deal with his mail.

A secretary was provided, and all his replies typed out on hospital notepaper. The hospital even paid the postage.

Yet, when he was asked a very moderate fee to cover all the expenses, he refused to pay and defied the hospital to take further action!

THERE seems to be no kind of trickery to which the malingeringer will not stoop.

One man who staggered into a London hospital late one night gasped that he was suffering from internal pains.

He was promptly put to bed and given a sedative. But, next morning, when further enquiries were made, the "patient" calmly confessed that he had missed the last train to his home on the South Coast, and that he wanted a night's rest without having to pay for it!

When the hospital demanded a small fee he laughed and strolled away to his office!

At present the hospitals are unable to fight mean deceptions of this kind. They should be given the power to prosecute every unscrupulous malingeringer whom they unmask.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Past and Present

IF an old-timer who raced away back in the 'sixties could return to the Turf to-day, which of the many changes would surprise him most?

Perhaps our veteran would consider the all-electric totes the chief marvel of the present order, but I am inclined to think that the greatest change of all would be noted in the horses.

Contrast what we have heard and read of the racers of old with the perfectly-mannered creatures which are paraded in the paddock nowadays. Partly by breeding, but more by kindly treatment, equine "savages" have been virtually eliminated.

There is no question but that, in the bad old days, horses were ruthlessly and cruelly treated by grooms, trainers and jockeys. A flogging was the recognised way of correcting any fault. Small wonder horses turned vicious and that there was a ready sale for muzzles.

No such treatment is meted out to the blood horse of to-day. From the day of

his birth he is handled firmly but kindly, and made to understand what is required of him without being buffeted or shouted at. His noble spirit is untamed, and he gives of his best with zest.

Whether or not the breed is now stouter, constitutionally, than in the old days is a matter upon which there are two opinions. But there can be no doubting that they are much improved in character and temperament.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers racing from Thursday, November 17, to Wednesday, November 23.

BAKXUZ R 98 N 96 GEDVH J

I 95 SOY 97 LWTF 94 MPQC 93

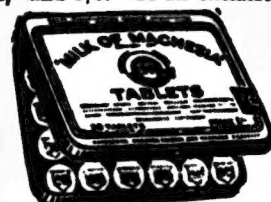
In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below, as the case may be. Example: DLBHSMN would read PRICKET.

Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted. KTX297M would read SNOOZE.

Pain after Meals

Is your stomach still struggling with your last meal? You're gasping with wind and doubled up with indigestion. Why? Because your stomach is always too acid. It sours every mouthful. It turns meat into leather. You can stop these agonising attacks this very day by taking 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets. They relieve acidity at once. No matter what you eat, your stomach makes easy work of digesting it. No sour repeating, no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old agony.

What about your next meal? Are you going to submit to torture when 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will save you? Make that meal the test. Get a tin of the Tablets now and have them in readiness. You'll be thankful you tried them. Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/- Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Of all chemists.



MILK OF MAGNESIA
BRAND
TABLETS
NEW HANDY TIN 6D

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

PILES

A Doctor's Formula Gives Prompt Relief and Certain Cure.

The danger of Piles is not readily understood because the trouble is seldom talked about, but you can't mistake the symptoms. That heavy, dragging, "bearing-down," which saps your energy and makes it impossible for you to give your mind to your work; swelling, pain and a burning irritation which nothing seems to relieve; hemorrhage and protrusion.

The **MAGIC BRAND PILE CURE**—a doctor's formula—can be relied upon to give instant relief and permanently heal, even when the piles are so swollen and bleed so alarmingly that an operation seems inevitable. Thousands of former sufferers are grateful to the **MAGIC PILE CURE** for their present good health.

"I received greater relief from your Magic Pile cure in one week than during 10 years of treatment in hospital."—A.S., Guildford.

Piles undermine the system both mentally and physically; surgical methods are unnecessary and unwise. If you are suffering from any form of rectal trouble, be persuaded to try **MAGIC PILE CURE**. The first application of this soothing treatment will reduce protrusions, check irritation and hemorrhage, and rapidly heal, no matter how stubborn or long-standing the case may be. So why continue to suffer?

FREE SAMPLE gladly sent on request to—
MAGIC LABORATORIES, N.E.18,
NEW COURT, FARRINGTON STREET,
LONDON, E.C.4.

SHEPHERD SAID THE
SHEPHERD STILL IS A
STANDARD OF QUALITY
ALL OVER THE WORLD

TOP MILL
SNUFF

IN TWO PENNY TINS AND
FOUR PENNY TINS

HINDES Why HAIR TINT be GREY?

FREE SAMPLE

Send 2d. for postage and state shade required to

HINDES Ltd., 5 St. Queen St., Kingsway, London, W.C.2

Touch up occasionally with HINDES HAIR TINT of the correct shade. There is nothing to compare with this famous old preparation for preserving and restoring natural colour and lustre to faded hair. Four shades—Light Brown, Brown, Dark Brown, Black.

Chemists, Stores, Hair-dressers, 2/6 per bottle.

GOOD OLD EPSOM SALTS Now tastes just like a sweet

That time-honoured, stand-by Epsom Salts is now compounded into tablet form. Handy sugar-coated tablets called Epsotabs. So easy to take—just swallow one or two with a glass of water before you go to bed. So thorough in their action—every scrap of poison-waste is carried gently and easily away. So safe, even for children—doctors always recommend Epsom Salts. You'll recognise EPSOTABS—THE LAXATIVE by the bright yellow, red and green carton. Only 2d., 6d. (or 1/3 family size). Send for generous free sample to EPSOTABS LTD. (J.B.6), 59, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BANISH BRONCHITIS

YADIL will quickly ease that racking cough and free your chest and lungs. YADIL, which contains the essential oil of garlic, Nature's great internal antiseptic, is taken just like ordinary medicine. It destroys disease germs and will rid your system of infection. YADIL has shown remarkable results to those who have suffered from Bronchitis, Chest Complaints, Coughs and Indigestion. Get YADIL to-day and get well quickly.

YADIL

Safe INTERNAL Antiseptic
LIQUID OR TABLETS

1/3 and larger from Chemists or direct from:—
YADIL (1938) Ltd., Dept. 6.B., Springfield, Clapton, E.5

ABSCESSSES HEALED BY NEW VITAMIN TREATMENT

Amazingly successful results have been obtained in the New Treatment of skin diseases with Vitamins. Vitamins have won the high opinion of Doctors all over the world for many bodily complaints. Their curative values in disorders of the skin have recently been discovered, as the result of numerous laboratory and clinical tests, by leading scientists. This discovery will be a boon to sufferers from Bad Leg, Eczema, Psoriasis and any other form of skin trouble. Obtain a tin of "HEALO" brand antiseptic ointment—which is activated with the curative "Skin Vitamin"—from your chemist to-day, 1/3 or 3/- (3 times the size) tin, or post free from Dept. A, Cuxson, Gerrard & Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Oldbury, Birmingham 28.

HEALO OINTMENT

FREE!

AMAZING BOOK BY A
FAMOUS MIND DOCTOR.

HOW to Keep Health, Happiness and Affection in your life! Amazing book written by famous leading Psychologist, FREE to every "John Bull" reader. The tears most people suffer from and how you can overcome all yours and live happily again. A remarkable chart is also sent with every book. Turn to page 27 at once and fill in the special free coupon and a copy will be sent to you by return. Or write now, mentioning "John Bull," to Wincarnis, Dept. A2, Norwich.

Be Rid of All Digestive Troubles

**ACCEPT THIS
FREE SAMPLE OFFER**

Be rid of your digestive troubles by accepting this generous free offer made to Stomach and Indigestion Sufferers—it appears on p. 35. The makers of Meggeson Brand Bismuth Dyspepsia Tablets have such confidence in the efficacy of this product that they will send free a generous Trial Sample to any reader who fills in the Coupon on p. 35. Enclose 2d. stamp for postage, etc. Accept this offer now and enjoy the comfort of perfect digestion. Don't hesitate a moment longer, but fill in the Coupon and post at once. Don't forget to enclose 2d. stamp.

The Editor Laughs Last

ACTRESS (Chelsea).—"My understudy exercises my pet dog for me every morning." Her only chance of taking the lead?

Miss M. (Bedford).—"Can you tell me how I can get on the stage?" Dodge the doorkeeper.

R. V. (Slough).—"Where are England's cleverest crackmen to be found?" If they're really clever, they're never found!

D. L. (Bath).—"Who can say more of a woman than that she was a good wife and mother?" The neighbours.

P. K. (Bognor).—"Nowadays, forty out of a hundred people can drive a car." All we can say is that most of the cars seem to be used by the other sixty.

N. M. (Northampton).—"Shoes without heels or toes will soon be all the craze in the ballroom." Our new puppy has evidently anticipated this fashion.

T. T. (Deal).—"After all, what does a whisky make a man feel like?" Another, very often.

FILM STAR (Elstree).—"Even in Hollywood marriage is for better or worse." But not for good.

J. N. (Luton).—"I intend to take up poultry-farming. Which hens lay the longest?" Dead ones.

Mrs. S. (Goole).—"My husband says he is planning a big surprise for me for Christmas." See letter below.

Mr. S. (Goole).—"My wife is expecting a fur coat for Christmas, but I have decided to give her a pair of gloves instead." See letter above.

P. G. (Lowestoft).—"No man should be allowed to work his fingers to the bone." Unless, of course, he happens to be a masseur.

A. S. (Denton).—"He didn't talk for long at the meeting, but what he said set me thinking." The age of miracles is apparently not yet past.

D. N. (Tring).—"What sort of a man is he who deliberately shuts his eyes at the suffering going on in front of him?" Well, he might be a tenor.

Mrs. H. (Mayfair).—"I am attempting to popularise the hobble-skirt again, but have not been very successful so far." Well, you can hardly expect to make very big strides.

Mrs. L. S. (Dover).—"Halfway through the job of papering the room, my husband got fed up, but I told him to stick to it." Probably that was just what he'd been trying not to do.

E. N. (Harringay).—"Greyhounds often have to go without food for some time before a race." And those who back them often have to do the same thing for some time after it.

R. M. (Welwyn).—"I have worked out that the average winter outfit for a wife will cost nearly ten guineas." Too late! It has already cost us ten guineas to find that out.

ELSIE (Rugby).—"I am a born flirt and I turned down his proposal of marriage, but I would like to show him some little kindness in return." It sounds to us as if you have already done it.

P. S. (London, N.).—"They wanted a lot for their money at the last job I was at. When I had finished in the kitchen, I was supposed to help the butler upstairs." When he'd had one over the eight, you mean?



"The girl was so beautiful that I kissed her. I just couldn't help myself." But you did.

W. N. (Kennington).—"Radio brings people closer together." So do Underground trains.

P. D. (Diss).—"What do you do with your old clothes?" Take them off at night and put them on again in the morning.

S. B. (London, W.).—"I lent a book to my doctor and he returned it in a damaged condition." He had removed the appendix.

P. N. (Tewkesbury).—"Here is the position in a nutshell." Judging by the length of your letter, you must mean a coconut shell.

A. F. (Ruabon).—"My daughter is a lovely girl and is getting married next week. It is hard to lose her." It would be harder to lose a plain one.

D. N. (Alton).—"What is the best thing to start the day's work on?" Time.

H. H. (Arundel).—"When I was a child I was left an orphan." Well, what did you do with it?

F. L. (Iver).—"Hatpins are to be fashionable again." So women are showing practical enthusiasm for the rearmament programme.

G. B. (Lewes).—"Most of last Sunday I was in the garden, busy digging." Both hands into your trouser pockets and wondering whether to start?

R. T. (Burslem).—"My wife and I had a very long argument but the time it was I who had the last word." You apologised?

R. W. (Carlisle).—"There are millions of cold germs abroad at this time of the year." And we hope they'll remain there.

E. S. (Taplow).—"What wouldn't the average married man do for a nice cup of hot tea in bed in the morning?" Get up and fetch it.

F. D. (Ventnor).—"Rattling milk bottles in the early hours of the morning often causes my nerves." Then what do you do?

G. J. (Romsey).—"It is a good plan to close the eyes tightly when trying to solve a problem." Unless, of course, it happens to be a traffic problem.

C. L. M. (Highbury).—"What is it that makes a lad aspire to climb to the top of the tree?" The fact that he hasn't the price of admission to the football ground.

SALESMAN (Birkenhead).—"When I go abroad, I make a close study of the taste of the natives." We do the same when we go to Whitstable.

O. W. (Bootle).—"Christmas comes but once a year." We're making a note of that—and you can make 50 £1 notes for each Christmas on a coupon from opposite page.

R. B. (Frome).—"Do you realise that you have in your feet certain nerves that react impulsively to music?" Yes, but unfortunately the fellow who is doing the crooning is usually a safe distance away in some broadcasting studio.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuts must be sent. 2d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

PULMAN'S WEEKLY NEWS:—"Water had sometimes been put in the milking buckets but never in the church."

WESTERN MAIL AND SOUTH WALES NEWS:—"... and her eyelashes can be lightly brushed with brown CASCARA."

DUBLIN EVENING MAIL:—"Dublin Registered Milk Vendors' Association discussed the new milk prices."

THE OBSERVER:—"Lavant played well for their goals, and deserted to get them."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—"... and once again a dance band is FEARED at the Empire ..."

DAILY DISPATCH:—"... occurred an incident that brought ears to the eyes of many when its significance was realised."

REYNOLDS' NEWS:—"The police disallowed the try on account of alleged CONSTRUCTION."

DARLSTON AND WEDNESBURY TIMES:—"The bride attended the church in which she was MARRIED REGULARLY."

ESSEX WEEKLY NEWS:—"To make matters worse a four-wheel had got in the tyre ..."

THE DUDLEY HERALD:—"Amethysts are becoming one of the most popular GERMS of the season."

Dad ...

Catches a Cold

by Maz



BIG 'BULLETS'
XMAS PENSION
WITH FINE
RADIOGRAM
and
150

Win

£50

£25 £10 £9 £8 £7 £6 £5

XMAS FEASTS *Comprising*
20 30 40 60
BIG PLUMP FINE XMAS
HAMPER TURKEYS FOWLS CAKES

THOUSANDS OF OTHER PRIZES

EVERY XMAS
for LIFE *plus* **25 GN. RADIOGRAM**

£250
LUMP SUM
IF WINNER
PREFERS
SINGLE
PRIZE

ONE WEEK ONLY



SPEND a few minutes on making *Bullets* during the next few days and your reward may well be a Merry Christmas for the rest of your life!

As the First Prize-winner in this week's seasonable big *Bullets* Offer, JOHN BULL'S Golden Joy Wire on Friday, December 9, would bring news of the coming of a fine 25-Guinea Radiogram in time for Christmas, 1938—and the arrival of a £50 Pension Cheque every Christmas as long as you live.

In addition to other big cheques, as well as Christmas Hampers, Turkeys, Fowls and Cakes, there is a special attraction this week. Instead of being confined to building *Bullets* on the set list of Examples, you may make up your own as directed below. Get busy on your *Bullets* now.

"BULLETS" 1,143 RESULT

First Prize: Ideal Home, Furniture and £200 or £1,000 cash:
R. R. NEAL, 26, Amersham Road, New Cross, S.E.

Example: HONOURABLE NAME
Bullet: "OUTSHORE" COMBINE'S NEON LIGHTS.

(Entered on Prize coupon.)
SECOND PRIZE, £100:

J. S. REID, 22, Giffnock Park Avenue, Glasgow.
Example: Man's Struggle
Bullet: From "Jams" To "Jam."

THIRD PRIZE, £25:
M. L. OWEN, 22, Giffnock Park Avenue, Glasgow.
Example: Came To Grief
Bullet: And Senses—And Success!

OTHER PRIZES:

£10: Miss A. POTTER, 139, Liverpool Road, Warrington.
Britain And Germany—"Victoria" Linked—And "Crosses."

£9: E. HILLYARD, 32, Abingdon Road, Kensington, W.
To Block Mars' Path—Radio Knob, One "Boulder."

£8: H. H. HOTCHKISS, 16, Burges Road, East Ham.
Drunk With Success—"Sap" At First "Sip."

£7: Miss M. THOMPSON, 67, Brook Crescent, South Chingford.
Britain And Germany—"I Think—" "Hitler Says—"

Look out for next week's £1,000 SURPRISE!

£6: E. N. ELBURN, "Egremont," Orchard Leigh, Chesham, Bucks.
Behind Closed Doors—Cabinet Facing "Gaping Walls."

£5: V. MACE, High Street, Moreton-in-Marsh.
Behind Closed Doors—Miser Takes "Treasures" Out.

£4: A. CURETON, 9, White Horse Square, Hereford.
Industry's Prizes—One I Get, Sleep

TEN OF £3 EACH:
K. N. BADMINTON, 11, Lime Avenue, Ripley, Derby.

In Mother's Hands—Pudding Goes Round "String."

(Entered on Prize coupon.)
C. BROTHERTON, 40, Birchdale Road, Stockland Green, Birmingham.

Industry's Prizes—Included Secretary He Married!

P. BULLINGHAM, c/o 72, Gladstone Street, Norwich.
After The Storm—His Flowers, The "Rainbow."

E. HOLDSWORTH, Quarry House, Northowram, Halifax.
After The Storm — Of Words — Romance, "Plotsam."

E. HUNT, 15, Palmerston Road, Carshalton.
To Block Mars' Path—I'm "Pebble" That's Helping.

J. LAVER, 12, Costand Manor Road, Brentwood.
Judging By Appearances — Employer — And Punctual Appearances.

A. MACFARLANE, Loch Eloy, The Gardens, Pinner.
Muttering — Africa's Drums — Hitler, "Colonies—"

To make a prize *Bullet*, simply take an Example and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment. For instance, against the Example, SWORD OF POVERTY, you might first jot down, *Stops Many Having Merry Christmas.* From this you could easily produce the typical *Bullet*, SWORD OF POVERTY—PREVENTS MANY CARVING TURKEY.

Be quick with your efforts, for they must be posted on or before Saturday, November 26.

Add 2, 3 or 4 Words to any "Example"

HAPPY HOME FIGHT FOR PEACE AND MERRY CHRISTMAS

LIFE I'D LIKE NO MAN

ARMS ARE DEAR, BUT AUNTIE HOPES WHY HE LOVES HER

HIS FUTURE THERE'S WORK IN PLENTY, SO MONEY MATTERS

BROKEN WHAT THE MILLIONAIRE SAID TO SONNY

POPULAR BOSS SWORD OF POVERTY

Extra "Examples"

As an extra attraction for "Bullets" No. 1,147 only, you may, if desired, construct and use your own "Examples"; if doing so, they must wholly consist of up to four words taken from anywhere in the 16 given "Examples" above and used in any order.

For instance, you might gather from the first three given "Examples" the words "Home," "For" and "Christmas," thus building up your own new "Example," HOME FOR CHRISTMAS.

N.B.—Whether using given "Examples" or new ones composed as shown, your "Bullets" have same opportunity of winning the First or any other prize.

SAVE MONEY ON ENTRIES

See Crossword, page 40

W. ROBINSON, 39, Sydney Road, Sheffield.
Muttering—"Spreads" Where "Butter's" Scarce.

H. SANDS, 7, Hurts Croft, Chilwell, Notts.
The Brakes Palled And—Auntie's Umbrella Hooked Beacon!

Mrs. SHERWOOD, 39, Panmuir Road, Wimbledon, S.W.
Among Friends — Ex-prisoner — Or Former Pals.

A list of 50 Birthday Surprise winners can be seen at these Offices.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,147)

Closing postmark SAT., Nov. 26.

P.O. No.

Signed

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Address

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,147)

Closing postmark SAT., Nov. 26.

P.O. No.

Signed

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Address

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,147)

Closing postmark SAT., Nov. 26.

P.O. No.

Signed

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Address

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,147, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed

Address

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,147 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 chosen by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,142 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Reavey, Stationer and Confectioner, Thomas Street, Portadown.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./.

Entrant's name address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,147, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.O.2 (Comp.)

REMEMBER YOUR BONUS VOUCHER!

Last week's JOHN BULL contained Special Christmas Bonus Privilege Voucher. If you entered for our 10-in-1 First Prize Offer you are entitled to enclose completed Voucher with your entry this week for *Bullets* No. 1,147. Thus you qualify for a Christmas Bonus with any prize of £2 10s. or over which you win in this Contest.

Why not SLIM and Improve Your Health

JUST think how healthy, fresh and fit you'll feel if you 'slim while you sleep' with the aid of Bile Beans—and what a difference it will make to your appearance.

Slenderness can be yours without starvation diet or violent exercise if you take Bile Beans. Just a couple nightly before getting into bed. The very next day you'll feel better in yourself, and soon you'll notice a reduction in your weight.

So start on the sure way to health and slenderness by taking Bile Beans regularly at bedtime.

Start To-night With

BILE BEANS

BRAND
PILLS



"Bile Beans have improved my health and altogether done me a world of good. I was putting on unwanted fat round the bust and hips, but I have got my weight quite back to normal since taking Bile Beans."
Mrs. E. H., Warrington.

"Soon after starting to take Bile Beans I found that they were not only improving my health, but surely removing my unwanted fat. In eight months I have lost something like 28 pounds, and naturally feel fitter and healthier in every way."
Mrs. M. H., Harrow.

"After taking Bile Beans nightly for six weeks I am delighted to tell you that I have become quite slim again. Another result is wonderfully improved health and I feel brighter and more energetic than I have been for years."
Mrs. K. E. B., Sheffield.